

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## EARLY LOVE.

TO EVA.

Yes, we must sever, Eva dear;  
But, though our sorrows flow,  
Thy semblance still shall bless me here,  
In solitude and woe.

Though fate, dear Eva, bids us part,  
I'll love as warmly true,  
As when in my enamoured heart  
Thine image, dearest, grew.

With thee were all my loves of youth;  
My childhood's dreams were thine;  
Thy name, in fond, devoted truth,  
Was mingled then with mine.

When age that shades our bosom's light,  
Each cherished trace shall wear,  
That name shall live as pure and bright  
As when 'twas written there.

1815.

— Drake.

## THE LITTLE FAIR SOUL.

A LITTLE fair soul that knew not sin  
Looked over the edge of Paradise,  
And saw one striving to come in,  
With fear and tumult in his eyes.

"O! brother, is it you?" he cried,  
"Your face is as a breath from home,  
Why do you stay so long outside?  
I am athirst for you to come.  
Tell me first how our mother fares,  
And did she weep too much for me?"

"White are her cheeks and white her hairs,  
But not from gentle tears for thee!"

"Tell me where are our sisters gone?"

"Alas! I left them weary and wan!"

"And tell me, is the baby grown?"

"Alas! he will be soon a man!  
Cannot you break the gathering days,  
And let the tigh of Death come through,  
Ere his feet stumble in the maze,  
Crossed safely by so few, so few?  
For like a cloud upon the sea  
That darkens till you find no shore,  
So was the face of Life to me,  
Until I sank for evermore!  
And like an army in the snow  
My days went past, a treacherous train,  
Each silent when he struck his blow  
Until I lay among them, slain!"

"O! brother, there was a path so clear!"

"It might be — but I never sought."

"O! brother, there was a sword so near!"

"It might be — but I never fought."

"Yet, sweep this needless gloom aside,  
For you are come to the gate at last!"

Then in despair that soul replied,  
"The gate is fast! The gate is fast!"

"I cannot move the mighty weight,  
I cannot find the golden key,  
But hosts of heaven around us wait,  
And none has ever said No to me.  
Kind Saint, put by thy palm and scroll,  
And come undo the door for me!"

"Rest thee still, thou little fair soul,  
It is not mine to keep the key."

"Sweet angel, strike these doors apart!  
That outer air is dark and cold."

"Rest thee still, thou little pure heart,  
Not for my word will they unfold."

Up all the shining heights he prayed,  
For that poor Shadow in the cold,  
Still came the word, "Not ours to aid!  
We cannot make the doors unfold!"  
But that poor Shadow, still outside,  
Wrung all the sacred air with pain,  
And all the souls went up and cried  
Where never cry was heard in vain.  
No eyes beheld the pitying Face,  
The answer none might understand,  
But dimly through the silent space  
Was seen the stretching of a Hand.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

— Good Words.

THERE is a rather amusing suggestion in the *Orchestra*. The way in which musicians take a popular air and tease it to death with what they are pleased to call variations on it, is often trying enough to the patience of those who, with all their love of music, have no great interest in feats of mere legerdemain. It is irreverently proposed in the wicked journal I have named, to try the effect on poetical readers of introducing similar variations into poetry: as thus —

To be, fiddle — or not to be, diddle —  
That is the question, de rol de dol day,  
Whether 'tis nobler, doodle — in the mind to  
suffer, poodle —  
The slings and arrows, noodle — of outrage-  
ous fortune, foodle —  
Or to take arms, kafoozleum — against a sea  
of troubles, kaboozleum — and by opposing  
end them, ti roodle, ti roodle, ti roodle, ti  
ray.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN  
OF GEORGE II.

## NO. III.—THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

THERE are few things in the world so sad as biography; which is but another way of saying that there is nothing so sad as life when it runs its ordinary course and lasts its appointed time. History, being on a larger scale, saves itself from the burden by the constant succession of new figures which crowd after each other on its canvas. The tragic element is kept in check by the larger story behind, in which each individual has but a passing share. The literature of imagination in all its varied forms, poetical, dramatical, or simply narrative, occupies itself with but some culminating point in life, some grand exceptional episode, some striking incident—or the story of youth, ever new and ever varied, though always the same. But the sober Muse of individual biography, which traces over and over again the same inevitable career, is a veiled and mournful figure at her best. Where her subject is one of those brief and passionate tragedies which sweep a great soul suddenly out of the world on the fiery breath of battle, or by the fierce struggle of genius with misfortune, she is at her happiest. Whom the gods love die young: the sun that goes down at noon surrounds itself with a thousand lurid clouds and wild reflections of light in darkness; but it avoids all the *morne* monotony, the insufferable depression, the pitiful pathos and weariness of the life which lingers out to its last moment amid the wreck of all things. Age is sad, not so much because it is age, as because the man who attains it stands on a pedestal of melancholy isolation. Death upon death must have fallen heavy on his heart ere he could reach that point of unenviable superiority. The air about him echoes dully with the sound of lamentation; his friends have fallen around him like the leaves in autumn; his hopes in all probability have shared the same fate. If love survives for him at all, it is the love of self-sacrifice—the devotion which leads some child or friend to give up individual happiness for the sake of duty—an offering bitter-sweet. Thus the story of men's lives is always sad. There could be no more awful commentary on existence than is implied in such a series of sketches as we are at present engaged upon; and in this commentary there are few chapters more painfully instructive than that which concerns the courtly figure, now before us, the urbane

and polished Chesterfield, statesman, orator, and moralist, but, above all, man of the world.

Chesterfield was born to the possession of most of the good things for which men sigh. The heir to an English earldom, well-born (to use a word at which he himself scoffs), highly educated, highly endowed, a man to whom every prize of life was open, there is something in the very splendour of the circumstances under which he made his entrance into the world which, to a certain extent, explains his character. He was full of individual ambition—the good things won for him by his ancestors were not enough to satisfy his restless mind. To make greatness for himself, to advance by his own merits, to secure admiration, applause, and advantage on purely personal grounds, was the great object of his desire. The vantage-ground from which he set out was to such a mind a positive injury. Had he been the son of a poor gentleman compelled to win his way slowly, in the first place to a living, and after to all attainable honours, the chances are that Chesterfield would have been a better man. But his position changed the character of all the rewards to which he could aspire. It shut out the possibility of wholesome toil for wholesome advantages. It made the favour of a king, the admiration of society, his highest aim. From his first outset in the world until the moment when, with a certain pathetic humour, going out for his daily drive, he explained to his French visitor that he was going to rehearse his interment, the man Chesterfield was swallowed up in the actor whose part it was to please, to dazzle, to outshine all his surroundings, “to make every man he met like, and every woman love” him. In pursuance of this object he laboured as men labour for the noblest purposes of ambition—he educated, polished, pruned, and cultivated himself as at a later period he endeavoured, with less success, to cultivate his son. He kept himself before the public eye; he said his say upon everything, publicly with the fine periods of elaborate oratory, privately with stinging epigrams of wit. Even his pursuit of pleasure was laborious and for a purpose. When he formed his style with all the pains of a professional elocutionist, he was not more completely at work than when he put himself through a course of such pleasant vices as were then supposed to complete and ripen the reputation of a gentleman. Consciousness of himself and his intentions go with him through everything. Nothing spontaneous, nothing unpremeditated, is in the

fatally well-balanced being which rises before us in all his self-revelations. We are not sure even how far it is possible to apply such a word to the utterances of Chesterfield. The self which he reveals is an artificial self. It is not the natural coxcombry which calls forth a not unkindly smile, nor the wisdom which, however limited, has some truth of experience in it, that he places before us when he draws the curtain, but rather the impersonation of a carefully-manufactured social creed, a system which he himself knows to be hollow, though he thinks it needful. What true self there was in the man, what human sense there might be in him of the failure that attended all his efforts — failure in himself, failure in his boy, humiliation, loss, abandonment — there is not a word to say. With a certain fidelity to his creed which is almost touching in its steadiness, the old man even tries, after these two failures, to leave the inheritance of his philosophy, with his lands and his titles, to the far-off kinsman who was his heir. Strange faith, which almost outdoes in its pertinacity the highest religious devotion! The prophet had made but little by it, and had failed totally in transmitting it to his first disciple. But with the humility of a fanatic he is ready to grant that his must have been the fault, and gives testimony with the pale lips of the dying that his system itself was divine!

Chesterfield was born in September 1694, and seems to have been brought up chiefly by his grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax. In 1712 he went to Cambridge, from which place he writes, with a curious evidence of the difference of education in those days and in our own, to his former tutor, M. Jouneau, a French pastor to whose care his grandmother had confided him. It was the month of August, and he had been passing a week with the Bishop of Ely. "In this short time," writes the lad, "I have seen more of the country than I had before seen in all my life, and it is very pleasant hereabouts." A youth of eighteen who could find a landscape like that which surrounds Ely novel and agreeable is indeed a variety upon the experienced boys of our own day. Already, however, the young undergraduate betrayed his tendency towards the study which was to distinguish his life. "I find this college," he adds (Trinity Hall), "infinitely the best in all the University, for it is the smallest, and is full of lawyers who have been in the world, and *qui savent vivre*." The account of his life at Cambridge which he gives to his son forty years after, is far from agreeing with the boyish wit and sophistication of

his letters. "At the University," he says (writing, no doubt, at poor Philip, who loved learning better than the art of *savoir vivre*), "I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense; that the classics contained everything that was necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not even without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns." Lord Chesterfield plainly does himself injustice in this, after the manner and with the same object as does a converted coalheaver, who describes to his astonished audience the horrible depths of iniquity in which he once wallowed. His early letters show none of this pedantry. They are in embryo very much what his later letters are — full of well-turned sentences, a lively if somewhat elaborate wit, and intense appreciation of all the arts and graces of society. In one, indeed, the budding politician discloses himself with a little outburst of youthful freedom. The accession of George I., which occurs while he is in Paris, fills him with satisfaction. If he had not liked it for himself, he says, the sadness of the French and the English Jacobites on the death of the Queen would have convinced him of its benefit. "But when I see," he adds, "how far things had already gone in favour of the Pretender and of Popery, and that we were within an inch of slavery, I consider the death of this woman (to wit, Queen Anne) as absolutely the greatest happiness that has ever befallen England; for if she had lived three months longer, she would no doubt have established her religion, and, as a natural consequence, tyranny; and would have left us after her death a bastard king, as foolish as herself, and who, like her, would have been led by the nose by a band of rascals." This is strong language for a man to use whose future efforts to lead kings by the nose were most unwearied, though seldom successful. In the same letter the young traveller gives an amusing description of the way in which he had profited by his travels. "I shall not give you my opinion of the French," he says, "because I am very often taken for one of them, and some have paid me the highest compliment they think it in their power to bestow, which is, 'Sir, you are like one of ourselves!'" I shall only tell you that I am insolent. I talk a great deal, loudly and with arrogance; I sing and dance



as I walk; and above all I spend an immense sum in hair-powder, feathers, and white gloves."

A curious story is told by Dr. Maty of Chesterfield's entrance into public life. He was elected member for the borough of St. Germans in Cornwall, in the year 1715. It was the first Parliament under the house of Hanover, and the young legislator took the earliest opportunity of letting loose his opinion with a freedom not unlike that with which he had expounded it in writing, in the letter we have just quoted. He said, speaking of Harley and Bolingbroke, that "he was persuaded that the safety of his country required that examples should be made of those who betrayed it in so infamous a manner." When he had ended his speech, a member belonging to the opposite party went over to the new orator: he "complimented him upon his *coup d'essai*," and added "that he was exactly acquainted with the date of his birth, and could prove that, when he was chosen a member of the House he was not come of age, and that he was not so now: at the same time he assured him that he wished to take no advantage of this, unless his own friends were pushed; in which case, if Chesterfield offered to vote, he would immediately acquaint the House with it." The young man still wanted some weeks of being one-and-twenty when this conversation took place, and he knew the consequences, which were the instant annulling of his election and a fine of £500. In such a case discretion was evidently the better part of valour. Accordingly he "answered nothing; but making a low bow quitted the House directly and went to Paris." Thus abruptly his first attempt at politics came to a premature end.

Soon after this amusing incident the smouldering feud between the King and Prince of Wales broke out into open enmity, and Chesterfield, who had been appointed Lord of the Bedchamber to the latter, was for nearly a dozen years shut out from all preferment. With the hopes natural to the adherents of a young prince, he bore this tacit exclusion from all gains and honours, believing in a better time to come. The Court at Leicester Fields was gay and young, and much more worth frequenting than the heavy old Hanoverian Court at St. James's. And though Chesterfield made the mistake of devoting himself to the special service, not of the true mistress of the house and society, but of Lady Suffolk, yet no doubt the life was one that suited him and developed his mind. The wittiest men and the prettiest women in England met there

in the slipshod grandeur of the time, with the high spirits of youth, and the stimulus of a common butt as well as of a common expectation. The nasty old Court half a mile off, the heavy wicked German women, the old King with his hideous favourites, must no doubt have afforded the best of subjects for social satire and high-spiced gossip. How it could possibly have happened that Chesterfield found his wife there it is impossible to divine. But there could not have been any question of Mademoiselle Schulemburg when he and the wits of the time met the pretty maids of honour in the apartment of the Princess's bedchamber woman in waiting, "the fashionable evening rendezvous," as Horace Walpole tells us, "of all the most distinguished wits and beauties."

Towards the end of this pleasant period of expectation, Chesterfield was unwillingly obliged to go through his share of domestic duty in the way of attending his father during his last illness. The Earl had been a harsh and unloving father, and, indeed, seems to have treated his eldest son with downright injustice, preferring a younger brother, upon whom he heaped favours—a circumstance which gives what excuse is possible to the tone in which his son speaks of him. Brethby, the seat of his family, to which Lord Chesterfield's illness called his heir, was intolerable to the young man of fashion. In the whole series of letters, extending over so many years of his life, only two are dated from this ancestral house. In the first he declares that if his imprisonment lasted much longer he should go mad of it. "This place," he writes, "being the seat of horror and despair, where no creatures but ravens, screech-owls, and birds of ill omen seem willingly to dwell; for as for the very few human faces that I behold, they look, like myself, rather condemned than inclined to stay here." Fortunately, the sentiments of our grand seigneurs, as well as their habits, have changed since that time. The modern country-house system, with its heaps of visitors, seems to have been attempted by Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton, to the grave displeasure and animadversion of his neighbours, to whom it was an instance of *luxu effrené*. But Chesterfield loved town, and claved to it. It was "filial piety" alone that induced his exile,—a piety, he writes coarsely—though it was Lady Suffolk, a woman not without delicacy of mind and feeling, who was his correspondent—surpassing that of Æneas, "for when he took such care of his father he was turned of fourscore, and not likely to

trouble him long. . . . Had his father been of the same age as mine, he would not have been quite so well looked after." He was delivered, however, from this bondage in a few months, and became Earl of Chesterfield at the ripe age of thirty-two, shortly before his Prince became King: so that all the good things of life seemed about to fall at once into his expectant hands.

These expectations were but poorly realized. The new reign did not, as has been already described, produce the overturn that was looked for, and the dependents of the Court were grievously disappointed. Chesterfield, however, seems to have been one of the few for whom the King, so curiously baffled and cheated out of his own way at the outset of his career, felt it incumbent upon him to do something. And accordingly the ambitious Lord of the Bedchamber was sent off as Ambassador to Holland, the Minister probably being very glad to be rid of so sharp a tongue and so keen a critic. It is at this point in his career that Lord Hervey pauses in his story of Queen Caroline and her Court to describe with cutting and bitter force the character and appearance of his rival courtier. We are not told of any personal quarrel existing between them, but the picture is so uncompromising, so venomous and vindictive, that it is impossible not to see some sharper feeling than mere political opposition behind. Chesterfield, with other too-subtle politicians, had paid Court to Lady Suffolk, the supposed possessor of George's affections, instead of his wife, his real sovereign. And this piece of over-wise folly was punished by the dislike and tacit enmity of the Queen. But even Hervey's sympathy with the Queen's dislike is not enough to point such periods as those he devotes to the description of this new claimant of honour. "His person was as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed," he says. "He was very short, disproportioned, thick and clumsily made, with black teeth and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant, which was a humorous idea, and really apposite." He then proceeds, evidently by way of making his sketch more impressive, to compare the character of Chesterfield with that of his friend Lord Scarborough. The latter, he tells us, "always searched after truth, loved and adhered to it; whereas Lord Chesterfield looked on nothing in that light—he never considered what was true or false, but re-

lated every thing in which he had no interest just as his imagination suggested it would tell best; and if by suiting, adding, or altering any circumstance, it served either the purpose of his interest, his vanity, or his enmity, he would dress it up in that fashion without any scruple and often with as little probability; by which means, as much as he piqued himself upon being distinguished for his wit, he often gave people a greater opinion of the copiousness of his invention and the fertility of his imagination than he desired. Lord Scarborough had understanding with judgment and without wit; Lord Chesterfield, a speculative head with wit and without judgment. Lord Scarborough had honour and principle, Lord Chesterfield neither: the one valued them wherever he saw them: the other despised the reality, and believed those who seemed to have most had generally only the appearance, especially if they had sense. Patriotism, adherence to a party, the love of one's country, and a concern for the public, were his common topics for ridicule; he would not scruple to own that he thought the laws of honour in man and the rules of virtue in woman, like the tenets of an established religion, very proper things to inculcate, but what the people of sense and discernment of both sexes professed without regarding, and transgressed while they recommended. Nor were the tempers of the two men more unlike than their understanding and their principles. Lord Scarborough being generally splenetic and absent, Lord Chesterfield always cheerful and present; everybody liked the character of the one without being very solicitous for his company; and everybody was solicitous of the company of the other without liking his character. In short, Lord Scarborough was an honest, prudent man, capable of being a good friend; and Lord Chesterfield a dishonest, irresolute, imprudent creature, capable only of being a disagreeable enemy."

It is strange to think that all this concentrated essence of ill-will should have lain bottled up for more than a century in a friendly English country-house to be poured forth, so long after both were dead, upon the memory of an ancient rival. It will be clear to the reader that the harmless figure of Scarborough is introduced only by way of foil to the darker lines that describe his companion. And yet there appears no quarrel between Hervey and Chesterfield to justify this posthumous rancour. Unless in some secret path unknown to history, they never seem to have come in each other's way; and Chesterfield, though more immediately

successful in public life than his painter, was never successful enough to call forth the bitterness of envy to such a point. The defects of his personal appearance are evidently exaggerated in this truculent sketch; but his portrait by Gainsborough, which is said to be the best, affords some foundation for the picture. The face is heavy, rugged, and unlovely, though full of force and intelligence; and his unheroic form and stature are points which Chesterfield himself does not attempt to conceal.

The embassy to Holland, Lord Mahon informs us, was his first public appointment; and it reveals a good point in his character, a power of interesting himself, not for the moment but permanently, in those whose public interests were placed in his hand. Holland throughout his life continued one of the objects of his care. Besides his letters to the Minister, which are filled with public affairs, there are a few addressed to Lady Suffolk, in which the private life of the Ambassador is reflected. He sends a "tea and chocolate service" for the Queen's acceptance, made "of metal enamelled inside and out with china of all colours," and is "extremely sensible" of the honour she does him in accepting it; and he informs his fair correspondent that "there is an extreme fine Chinese bed, window-curtains, chairs, &c., to be sold for between seventy and eighty pounds," which he imagines she might like for her retirement at Marble Hill. He gives her at the same time a sketch of his daily existence. "I have all the reason in the world," he says, "to believe that my stay here will be beneficial both to my body and soul; here being few temptations, and still fewer opportunities to sin." . . . "My morning," he adds, "is entirely taken up in doing the King's business very ill, and my own still worse; this lasts till I sit down to dinner with fourteen or fifteen people, when the conversation is cheerful enough, being animated by the *patronazza* and other loyal healths. The evening, which begins at five (!) o'clock, is wholly sacred to pleasures; as for instance the Fornal (a public promenade) till six; then either a very bad French play, or a *reprise* at quadrille with three ladies, the youngest upwards of fifty, at which with a very ill run one may lose, besides one's time, three florins; this lasts till ten o'clock, at which time I come home, reflecting with satisfaction on the innocent amusements of a well-spent day which leave no sting behind them, and go to bed at eleven with the testimony of a good conscience. In this serenity of mind I pity you who are forced to endure the tumultuous

pleasures of London." For these pleasures of course the exile sighs—but he bears with sufficient equanimity his banishment among the Dutchmen, entering into all their affairs with a zeal which made him ever after an authority on the subject, yet with an eye upon the West Indian ships and their curiosities, as well as on the sentiments of the Pensionary and the politics of Europe in general. It would seem that he did so well as to merit on his return not only the white wand of Lord Steward, but the greater honour of the Garter, for which he had addressed a petition to Lord Townshend during his exile, and which was bestowed upon him at his return.

It was after the conclusion of this mission that his marriage took place, an event to all appearance utterly unimportant in his life, and difficult to account for in any way. His wife was Melusina Schulemberg, niece, or, as some thought, daughter, of the Duchess of Kendal the mistress of George I., a woman belonging to a totally different *milieu* from his, and who had by no means escaped with clean hands from the intrigues of the shameless German council which surrounded the Hanoverian King. Hervey describes her somewhere as "an avaricious fury;" but Hervey, as we have seen, could be bitter. Only a few years before she had been one of the central figures in a scheme for the recall of Bolingbroke, for which little business twelve thousand pounds were, it is said, paid to her by his French wife. She had been created Countess of Walsingham in her own right by George I., and "her fortune," Dr. Maty tells us, "was suitable to her rank." Had this marriage taken place in the previous reign, it might have been supposed a step in that elaborate pursuit of success which was Chesterfield's object in life; but this could not be the case in the reign of Caroline. According to Dr. Maty, however, it had been projected years before, but prevented by George I. on the ground of the lover's gambling habits; by which suggestion two very unromantic figures are quaintly placed before us as plaintive victims of a long engagement, like any suffering curate and his humble love. The result, however, of the postponed union, and the difficulties with which love had to struggle in this case, is curious enough. "On changing her condition," says the same authority, "she did not leave the Duchess of Kendal; and Lord Chesterfield, who was their next-door neighbour in Grosvenor Square, most constantly divided his time between his business in his own house and his attentions and duties in the other.

Minerva presided in the first, and in the last Apollo with the Muses!" Chesterfield, perhaps, of all historical figures, is the one that harmonises best with the droll idea of having a wife who lived next door!

After this marriage, however, we hear next to nothing of Lady Chesterfield; the only reply her husband makes to the congratulations of a friend at so early a date as a month after, is the composed remark, "I will not take up your time with any compliments to you upon the part you are so good as to take in whatever concerns me —"! Her name does not occur half-a-dozen times in his correspondence. They had no children; and the wife, it is evident, made little difference in, and was of very small importance to, his life.

A short time previous to this marriage, however, a little event had occurred which was of more account to the hard and brilliant man of the world than all the revolutions of Europe. A poor little illegitimate boy stole into the world in which he had no business to be; a creature without rights, or name, or any lawful place on this earth; and straightway a miracle happened greater than any in Moses. The dry rod budded, and felt through all its arid fibres the rushing in of new life; a heart woke in the cold bosom, filling it with the strangest inspiration that ever possessed a man. It was love, half noble, wholly pathetic in its devotion, which thus sprang up in the hitherto barren existence, — such a love as few have felt, and none except himself revealed; divine, yet most earthly, patient, tender, pure, ignoble, vile. We give for form's sake the record of Chesterfield's existence — so many years in office, so many incidents, pleasures, and honours. But he himself has presented to us the quintessence and sublimated spirit of his life, the best and worst of him, blended in one of those amazing human combinations which nothing can resolve into their absolute elements. This new created heart, where no one ever expected a heart to be, beating high with tenderness, yearning, fond ambitions, fears, and hopes — yet so mean in its highest flight, so earthly, base, and sensual, so heavenly patient and forbearing, so devilish in counsel, so wise in care, brooding with an infinite and untiring love over every minute detail of the cherished being dependent on it, is one of the strangest sights that ever was opened up for the wonder of men and angels. Philip Stanhope was no more worthy to be the object of it than Lord Chesterfield was to exhibit this typical, awful, divine passion; at once the love of a devil and the love of a God.

It began in 1732 with the life which this wonderful paternal affection alone made remarkable. The urelin could scarcely have been out of petticoats before, amid all his political occupations, between the cares of office and the cabals of opposition, the statesman, happy in his task, wrote out his little epitomes of history, his little sketches of schoolboy mythology: "Romulus and Remus were twins, and sons of Rhea Sylvia," writes the father; and next moment turns to the affairs of Europe, to hot debates in Parliament, to all the whirl of imperial business. Nothing distracts him from that sweet occupation. He could not transmit either name or rank to the one creature whom he loved; but he would make of him, if mortal might could do it, the most shining man of his generation, the captain of a new age. Poor Chesterfield! If he had been a better man, and his aim a nobler aim, it is possible that the heart of the bystander would have felt an ache less keen for all his wisdom and folly and downfall. As we look at him in his many occupations in that bustling world so different from our own, there is little to love, little to honour in the brilliant worldling; but to see him smile over his little letters, and compose his careful abridgments, makes the heart melt and the eye fill with tears. There is nothing in history more touching, more pathetic than this picture; especially as all along, from the tender childish beginning, throughout the patient course of years, the spectator standing far off, and seeing all, knows that this grand enterprise, in which the man has embarked his life, must fail.

Lord Chesterfield's personal political career was a curiously unsuccessful one. His powers seem to have been fully acknowledged on all sides. He not only studied to be, but was, a good speaker; though Dr Maty admits that he was more popular in the House of Lord; than he had ever been in the House of Commons. There were, however, reasons for this, which his biographer gives with delicious gravity. "Our nobleman was not heard with so much applause in the Lower as in the Upper House," he says. "Refined wit and delicate irony are often lost in popular and numerous assemblies. Strength either of argument or voice, a flow of pompous words, and a continual appeal to the passions, are in such places the best arms to support a good cause or to defend a bad one. The case is very different in the House of Peers. Minds cast in a finer mould affect to despise what they call the vulgar arts; and, raised equally above fears and

*feelings*, can only be affected by wit and ridicule, and love to find some of that elegant urbanity and convivial pleasantry which charms them in private life." This explanation is as fine as the minds of those peers to whom the physician-biographer looks up with *naïf* and loyal adoration. Horace Walpole, however, though nothing but a commoner, seems to have been capable of comprehending the qualities of Chesterfield, and describes him on one occasion as having made "the finest oration I ever heard." Even Lord Hervey admits "that he was allowed by everybody to have more conversable entertaining wit than any man of his time." Thus popularly gifted, and at the same time a man of really enlightened views on some points, a sturdy partisan, faithful to his friends and considerate of his dependants, and a personage of sufficient importance in the public eye to be worth any minister's attention, Chesterfield was yet invariably snubbed, held at arm's length, and kept down by everybody in power. Considering what was his peculiar ambition, and the immense efforts he made to further it, the fact of his constant failure is very curious. The few essays he was permitted to make in government seem to have been decidedly successful, especially his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. But his useful work stood him in as small stead as his gift of oratory, or his brilliant social powers. Notwithstanding that he had every quality necessary to command success, he attained it only by moments. In the time of the first George he was related to the powerful minister Stanhope, but neutralised this advantage by attaching himself to the interests of the Prince of Wales; and when his Prince became King, Chesterfield, once more unlucky, lost the benefit of his favour with the Sovereign by opposition to the Queen and her Minister. He was one of the men whose fortune it is to be perpetually in opposition. His first embassy to the Hague won him, as we have already said, a Garter and a place in the Household; but he lost the latter very shortly after by opposing Walpole in his Excise scheme. This was in 1732. For ten years afterwards he not only set himself in bitter enmity against the Government, but was even an exile from Court, the home of his soul, so to speak, and betook himself to the new Prince of Wales as by a decree of fate. Even Walpole's downfall did not bring back his adversary into office. The new Ministry had maintained a troubled existence for two or three years, before necessity compelled the King and Cabinet

to receive the obnoxious statesman among them. In 1744, when it was thought his influence with old friends the Dutch might be of use, he was called back to office, with a grudging promise of the Lord-Lieutenancy in Ireland after he fulfilled his mission. His mission was to persuade the Dutch to join in the war then being waged throughout Europe on behalf of Maria Theresa. The trifling circumstance that he did not approve of this war, does not seem to have been taken into account either by himself or his colleagues; though it is stated with delightful prescience by Dr. Maty. "Were the account he is said to have written of this embassy ever to see light," says this candid historian, "it would appear how earnest he was to obtain from the Dutch what he believed they ought to, and perhaps wished they would, refuse." After he had fulfilled with indifferent success this uncongenial mission, he went to Ireland, — a post in which he remained for less than a year, and where he distinguished himself by good intentions at least, and a desire for the real advantage of the country, which, according to Dr. Maty, made his name "revered by all ranks and orders of men;" and of which Lord Mahon, less ecstatic and at a greater distance, can still say, "His name, I am assured, lives in the honoured remembrance of the Irish people as perhaps next to Ormond, the best and worthiest of their long viceregal line."

This is a great deal to say, if we could have the least confidence that the Irish people herein mentioned were in any way identical with the real nation as now recognized. We fear it is not possible to come to any such conclusion. The Ireland which Lord Chesterfield, briefly and justly, according to the views of his time, governed, was one from which he hoped to be able to extirpate the "Popish religion and influence" by "good usage, supporting the charity schools, and adhering strictly to the Gavel Act." This Gavel Act (heaven be praised, not one in a thousand of the present generation so much as know it by name!) was a law by which "all Popish estates at the death of the Popish possessor were divided in equal parts, share and share alike, among his Popish relatives who are the nearest of kin, if they all continue in their religion; but if one of them turn Protestant, he becomes the heir-at-law." The Irish nation which applauded Chesterfield — the people who a few years before had been roused by Swift into a unanimous popular opposition against Walpole's copper money — could only have been the dominant Prot-



estants, who had still their foot upon the neck of the conquered country, and who have left us so many pleasant tangles to unravel.

It was in '45, that fatal date for the Highlanders and the Stuarts. The last most sad, hopeless, and magnanimous of rebellions was in full career when Chesterfield landed in Ireland, of which great fears were also entertained. "In an island esteemed not less boisterous than the element that surrounds it, he was particularly happy in quieting and captivating the turbulent disposition of the inhabitants; and Cicero, whom he had constantly before his eyes as an orator, became also the object of his imitation in his government," says his biographer. He addressed himself, in opening the Irish Parliament, Dr. Maty also tells us, to "a feeling people, with the authority of a ruler, and the affection of a father." But he did a great deal better than propose to himself the example of Cicero, or please the "feeling people" with addresses. He was wise enough not to irritate the Popish helots into too much sympathy with their rebel brethren in Scotland. He did not follow the example set him in England of shutting up the Roman Catholic chapels, and banishing the priests, but let everything go on as usual, keeping a wary eye upon possible malcontents, and warning them that, indulgent as he was, not Cromwell himself could be harder, if once roused. He was as tender of their finances as if they had been his own; he took pains to provide arms and other munitions through means of honest men, and not by ruinous and villanous contracts. He saw justice done impartially, without respect of creed; and did everything in his power to promote the beginnings of industrial enterprise, in which, he was enlightened enough to see, lay the real hopes of Ireland. In the letters which he wrote after his return to various people in Ireland, this subject is the continual burden. He suggests the manufacture of bottles, of paper, of potato-starch, of every new invention he can hear of. "These are the sort of jobs," he writes to his correspondent, Prior, who was a member of the Dublin Society, and a man of energy and public spirit, "that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care as they do jobs of a very different nature. Those honest arts would solidly increase their fortunes, and improve their estates, upon the only true and permanent foundation, the public good. Leave us and your regular forces in Ireland to fight for you; think of your manufactures at least as much

as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against Poverty as against Poverty; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former than of the latter."

In other letters, Chesterfield repeats and enlarges upon this advice, with many warnings against the familiar demon claret, which was wasting the means of the Irish gentry. "I wish my country-people," he says, — "for I look upon myself as an Irishman still — would but attend half as much to those useful objects as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country, but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland. Nine gentlemen in ten are impoverished by the great quantity of claret which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drunk in their houses. This expense leaves them no room to improve their estates by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine merchants." . . . "It may seem vain to say so," he continues in another letter, "but I will own that I thought I could, and began to hope that I should, do some good in Ireland. I flattered myself that I had put jobs a little out of fashion, and your own manufactures a little in fashion, and that I had in some degree discouraged the pernicious and beastly practice of drinking, with many other pleasant visions of public good. . . . Fortune, chance, or providence — call it which you will — has removed me from you, and has assigned me another destination, but has not, I am sure, changed my inclinations, my wishes, or my efforts, upon occasion, for the interests and prosperity of Ireland, and I shall always retain the truest affection for and remembrance of that country — I wish I could say, of that rich, flourishing, and industrious nation."

These anxious wishes and affectionate sentiments sprang from a connection with Ireland which lasted little more than six months. At the first glance it does not seem a likely post for Chesterfield. But he liked it, took to it kindly, and threw himself into it heartily; which, of course, was reason enough why he should be called away and the post given to an utterly indifferent man, who cared nothing about Ireland. He left his viceregal court to go to Bath, being ill, with the intention of making a speedy return. But the Ministry were at the time in great difficulties, labouring between peace and war, and unable to hold together, and Chesterfield had re-



covered in some degree his ancient favour with King George, and was useful to them. He amused the King, or rather, to use the much finer language of Dr. Maty, "he was assiduous in paying his court at those hours when kings may sometimes lay aside majesty and remember they are men, and, ready to seize any opportunity to divert and to please, he sometimes succeeded in unbending the bow of his master, and seducing him into a laugh," a sublime result of which an instance is given. An important place in the Government had been allotted to some one personally disliked by the King, and to whose nomination he refused his consent. When matters went so far that nobody dared speak of this appointment again, Lord Chesterfield took it in hand. "As soon as he mentioned the name, the monarch angrily refused, and said, '*I would rather have the devil!*'" "With all my heart," said the Earl; "I only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind that the commission is indited to *our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin.*" This sally had its effect. The King laughed, and said, "My lord, do as you please."

When a man could be had to lighten in this way the communications between the King and his Ministers, it was not to be supposed that he could be permitted to return to Ireland, especially as one of the Secretaries of State, Lord Harrington (another Stanhope), finding himself crossed, balked, and humiliated by his colleague the Duke of Newcastle, had just resigned his office. It was conferred upon Chesterfield "in a manner," his biographer says, "which made refusal impossible," and he was "transferred from a post where he enjoyed ease, dignity, and profit, to one attended with great difficulties, and, in the present circumstances, with danger." His post was that of "Secretary of State for the Northern Department," and the ticklish condition of the States of Holland, in which he had a special interest, was, or ought to have been, his particular charge. But Chesterfield was not more fortunate than Harrington had been. He found his efforts neutralised, and his labour made vain, by the interference of his colleague, "who left him scarce a shadow of power." The one thing he seems to have succeeded in doing was getting his friend Mr. Dayrolles, one of his chief correspondents, appointed Resident at the Hague. But as for any real influence over the troubled affairs of the time, it is evident that Chesterfield might as well have been in Ireland or at the end of the world. "The two brothers" were managing or mis-

managing the allied armies abroad. Holland was on the brink of general ruin and bankruptcy, with nobody ready to help her, Marshal Saxe on her borders, and England her only ally, refusing terms of peace, yet unprepared for war. Chesterfield struggled his best, but was thwarted on every side by secret correspondences and underhand intrigues. "Charles Bentinck arrived here the day before yesterday," he writes to Dayrolles; "but what his business is is yet a secret to me, neither his brother nor he thinking it necessary to communicate anything to me, though in my department. The affairs are all transacted secretly with the Duke of Newcastle, Sandwich, and Chabannes." "You judge very right," he adds, "in thinking that it must be very disagreeable to tug at the oar with one who cannot row, and yet will be so paddling as to hinder you from rowing. . . . Neither the state of foreign nor domestic affairs will permit me to continue much longer in my present situation. I cannot go on writing orders of which I see and foretell the fatal tendency. I can no longer take my share of either the public indignation or contempt on account of measures in which I have no share. I can no longer continue in a post in which it is well known that I am but a *commis*, and in which I have not been able to do one service to any man, though ever so necessitous, lest I should be supposed to have any power, and my colleague not the whole."

Thus disgusted with the plottings which took away everything but the semblance of power from his hands, he resigned his office, and with it political life. This was in the beginning of the year 1748; so that, notwithstanding his long devotion to politics, he was in office altogether only about six years out of the two-and-twenty which he had spent in the service of the public. When it is considered how great and versatile his talents were, what a thirst for "pleasing" possessed him, and how many advantages he had in the outset of his career, this is very unaccountable. No other statesman of his day was so continually thwarted, so thrust aside by every possible rival. The scraps of power he enjoyed were wrung from the governments under which he held office chiefly by the impossibility of finding any one else fit for the post. No party wanted him, or sought his support. And yet, in addition to his personal claims, he had the positive recommendation of having done all the work intrusted to him well, and of having, in one case at least, shown real meaning and inten-

tion, and a true idea of the position. Whether it might be that he was too clever for his colleagues, none of whom were men of genius, or in reality too subtle for the work itself, going about it with craft that overshot its mark, as in his idea of ruling George II. by means first of Lady Suffolk and then of Lady Yarmouth, it is impossible to say. But notwithstanding that success was the object of his life, notwithstanding what has been called the marketable morality which moved him, and the want of any harsh and uncompromising principle that could have stood in his way, it is evident that Chesterfield's political life was a failure — a weary, thankless, hopeless struggle for an end which he could never attain.

A curious evidence of the conscientiousness of a man from whom we are little disposed to expect such a quality is conveyed to us in the fact that, though intensely addicted to gambling, he gave it up entirely while in office. The night after his resignation he went back to his favourite weakness: an example of public, if not of personal, virtue.

All this time, however, while he had been fighting in opposition and struggling in office, "the boy," the great object of his life, had been growing into intelligence and early manhood. We have no absolute ground on which to form a judgment of what this boy was. He appears to us in the curious seclusion of a being continually addressed but never replying, covered as with a veil of silence and passive opposition. We do not know that he put himself in opposition; indeed what evidence there is would seem to say that he never opposed anything in actual words; but the fact that all the volumes addressed to him are left without audible reply, invests the unseen figure with this air of resistance, silent and unexpressed. So far as appears, Philip Stanhope must have been a lout of learning, sufficiently good intentions, and talent enough to be the despair of any ambitious father — a boy capable of solid instruction to any amount, taking in his education with a certain stolid persistence, and following the counsels addressed to him with exasperating docility, but no sort of spontaneous impulse. As we glance over these brilliant, worldly, hideous pages, the often repeated injunctions, the elaborately varied advice, the repetition, line upon line and precept upon precept, of all that code of manners and morals, — a profound pity for the unhappy lad upon whom this stream descended will by times move the mind of the reader. How it must have worried, vexed, disqui-

eted, and discouraged the cub who was more bear than lion! — how his languid ambition must have sickened and his feeble desires languished under the goad of that enthusiasm which never flags! — how he must have hated the mere idea of "pleasing" or attempting to please! We have no record that the boy was wicked, as he might well have been. Judging by human nature in general, indeed, one would be more disposed to believe that he must have subsided into dull virtue, of that tame domestic order which dismayed his father's soul. Such a hypothesis would be justified by the discovery of his marriage, which Chesterfield made only after his death. In his wanderings over the Continent and in his life in Paris he appears but dimly, under the rain of command, counsel, direction, criticism, railery, and persuasion which shrouds him round like a mist. The position is tragic from the father's side, but it is half absurd and half pitiful on that of the son. If any kind of response had but come now and then out of the stillness, it would have broken the spell a little. But the voiceless soul stands mute, and takes all in — or throws all off from the armour of *amour propre* and self-will — one can not tell which. It is the most curious situation, humorous, touching, laughable. Out of the clouds and darkness appears the one man talking eagerly, straining his eyes, straining all his faculties, employing all the resources of infinite skill and patience to touch and influence the other; and that other opposing a dead silence, a heavy acquiescence, a passive resistance to all this vehemence, eagerness, and passion. The poor fellow's brains must have got confused with the eloquence poured forth upon him, the keen pricks of ridicule, the instructions which omit nothing and leave nothing to private judgment. The spectator weeps a tear of blood for the father, thus staking all upon one throw; but there is also a certain pity in his mind for the boy. What effect could such perpetual stimulants have upon a tame nature incapable of any sovereign impulse? Philip Stanhope must have listened with weariness, with dull struggles of impatience, with a growing bewilderment — he must have sought refuge in silence, in obscurity and concealment. No doubt he felt with the infallible certainty of self-consciousness that he was not a man who could ever fill up the ideal set before him. The desire of his soul must have been to be let alone. On the other side, that passion of parental love which insists on perfection, and demands success — which would give its last

drop of blood for its child, yet requires a strain of excellence, a height of attainment to which only genius could reach — has, notwithstanding all its faults, but too sure a claim upon our sympathies. Yet the object of this too ambitious affection, the dull soul that could neither rise to the mark nor catch the contagion of enthusiasm, is to be pitied too.

Nothing could be more careful and elaborate than Philip Stanhope's education. When the child had attained his eighth year, we find him in the hands of three masters — Mr. Maittaire, who seems to have had the principal charge of him, a classical tutor, and a French one — besides the unceasing letters of his father, who had already begun to discourse to him on his own improvement, mental, social, and spiritual. Already at this early age a thousand inducements, warnings, subtle little strokes of wit, and delicate raileries, are poured forth upon the boy to convince him of the necessity of those graces which he seems from the beginning to have held at arm's length. It must have been a certain hunger of the heart, and aching need of companionship, which induced Chesterfield to set up this little boy into the position of a reasoning and reasonable creature, and address him almost as man to man; or else the child must have revealed his character at a singularly early period to the keen eye which scrutinised him from every point, and to which nothing that concerned him was indifferent. At eight years old the burden of the strain is very much what it is at eighteen. "Il suive souvent," the anxious father says to the awkward urchin, "qu'un homme qui a beaucoup d'esprit, et qui ne sait pas vivre, est moins bien reçu qu'un homme qui a moins d'esprit mais qui a *du monde*." . . . Cet objet mérite votre attention : pensez y donc, et joignez la modestie à une assurance polie et aisée." A little later Philip was sent to Westminster School, where, Dr. Maty informs us, "he acquired a great fund of classical erudition," and where his progress in every possible way was watched over and accompanied by the same running commentary of advice, encouragement, soft railery, the tender humour of a much-experienced man flowing forth on the young son from whom he expects everything with a hopefulness of love which no experience can teach. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," he says, and goads the boy thereupon with playful pricks of ridicule. Chesterfield was busy in his short reign in Ireland at this moment, and his letters were few. But his many occupations did not in-

terfere with the one correspondence of his life. Amid all his cares he had time to attend to "the book that I published not quite fourteen years ago. It is a small quarto," he says, with that soft laugh in his voice which is so near tears and so tremulous with love; "and though I say it myself, there is something good in it: but at the same time it is incorrect, and so inaccurate that I must have a better edition of it published, which I will carefully revise and correct. It will soon be much more generally used than it has been yet," he adds, with fond hopefulness; "and therefore it is necessary that it should '*prodire in lucem multo emendatior.*'"

And here begins the tragedy of Chesterfield's life — his chief claim on human regard, detestation, and sympathy. The reader will be more than man to whose eye there steals no moisture, and whose heart swells with no emotion, before this wondrous record. The soul of the scheming man of the world was moved with the purest, the noblest ambition. A fresh life, a new creature was in his skilled and able hands. He would mould it to the highest form that manhood could take. The excellence of all the nations should concentrate in this English boy. Whatever wisdom, love, wealth, troops of friends, the power of literature, the grace of courts could do to inform and improve, should be done for him. The stuff was there, the father said to himself, with proud affection — it wanted but cultivation, labour, care; and he himself, master of all arts, with masters of every art under the sun to back him, was ready for the work. He saw his son already the chief diplomatist in Europe, the greatest statesman in England, adding a new lustre to the name of Stanhope, though he could make no claim to its titles. When he accepted, reluctantly, the post of Secretary of State, it was with an eye, his biographer tells us, to the probable fulfilment of its duties, one day or other, by his boy. From the moment of Philip's entry into the world, a self-abnegation, most touching and perfect, a reference of everything to the new life, appears in his father's mind. Henceforward his studies, his labours, his ambition, have all an object out of himself. His friends become precious to him chiefly in proportion to their power to serve his son; his wealth, his position, the prestige of his own talents and powers, stream all into one current, tributary to the advancement and perfection of Philip Stanhope. It is a standing wonder to the reader how any man could have so enlarged on one subject without becoming utterly monotonous and wear-

some; and it is a greater wonder still to mark the sublime love which inspires the whole, which condescends to the most trifling subjects, and stoops to the lowest vices, yet never altogether loses its innate divinity. It is a love which goes so far as to veil itself, to abjure all its natural majesty, to bring itself to the level of its object, and discourse to him with the assumed calm of an ordinary companion. We doubt whether such a sight has ever been seen in the world either before or since. Even in the estimate which has been made of him by posterity, it is as the author of a system of social philosophy, a polite moralist and sage, that Chesterfield holds rank; and not as a martyr and prophet o sovereign and fatal love.

When the boy was still very young, he was sent to travel under the charge of a tutor, "Mr. Harte, a gentleman of Oxford," — "d'une erudition consommée," as Chesterfield describes him to his friend Madame de Monconseil, but whom Dr. Maty gives no very good account of. He "certainly had none of the amiable connecting qualifications which the Earl wished in his son," says the biographer. "Whoever will take the trouble of tracing the different steps of Mr. Stanhope's education, will perceive that this fundamental error in the plan was the source of all the future mistakes in his conduct. Under the charge of Mr. Harte, the boy went to pursue his studies first in Lausanne and then in Leipzig, pursued everywhere by his father's letters, which exhorted him to learn everything that was to be learned, to make himself acquainted with the national economy of every place he passed through, with its history and relations to other countries, and with everything that could be of use to him in his future career as a diplomatist. His residence in Leipzig was specially with the intention of learning German, an accomplishment so uncommon in those days, that he is supposed to be "almost the only Englishman who either can speak or understand it." But, above all, it was good manners, good breeding, politeness, the arts of society, which Philip was required to cultivate. On this subject his tender counselor is diffuse, — he cannot exhaust it, or come to an end of the exhortations, the entreaties, the examples, and warnings he thinks necessary. "My plan for you from the beginning has been to make you shine," he says. "*Les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les graces, le je ne sais quoi qui plaît*, are as necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit as the polish is to the diamond." "You must always ex-

pect to hear more or less from me upon that important subject of manners, graces, and address." This is the prevailing tone of the long and patient letters lavished upon the boy. The skill with which the subject is varied is wonderful. When the heavier labour of education is over, the young fellow goes to Italy to begin in earnest that process of polish to which all his life his father has been directing him — and then there comes to be a certain solemnity in the paternal exhortations. It is thus that Chesterfield explains to his son, aged seventeen, the system of education according to which he had been brought up: —

"From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow; in this view, I have grudged no pains nor expense in your education; convinced that education more than nature is the cause of that great difference which we see in the characters of men. While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honour before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles which you thus got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. And, indeed, they are so plain and clear that they require but a moderate degree of understanding either to comprehend or practise them. Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be virtuous for his own sake if nobody were to know it, as he would be clean for his own sake though nobody were to see him. I have, therefore, since you have had the use of your reason, never written to you on these subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should now just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire as into dishonour or vice. This view of mine I consider as fully attained. My next object was sound and useful learning. My own care first, Mr. Harte's afterwards, and of late (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular, and I have reason to believe will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is good breeding, without which all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and to a certain degree unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient." . . . "A man of sense," Chesterfield adds, in another letter, "care-

fully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of the fashion and good-breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him which are to good-breeding what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture, and of which the vulgar have no notion, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them liberally and not servilely—he copies, but does not mimic. These personal graces are of very great consequence—they anticipate the sentiments before merit can engage the understanding—they captivate the heart, and give rise, I believe, to the extravagant notion of charms and philters. Their effects were so surprising that they were reckoned supernatural. The most graceful and best bred men, and the handsomest and gentleest women, give the most philters; and, as I verily believe, without the least assistance of the devil. Pray be not only well-dressed, but shining in your dress—let it have *du brillant*. I do not mean by a clumsy load of gold and silver, but by the taste and fashion of it. Women like and require it: they think it an attention due to them: but, on the other hand, if your motions and carriage are not graceful, genteel, and natural, your fine clothes will only display your awkwardness the more. But I am unwilling to suppose you still awkward; for surely by this time you must have caught a good air in good company. . . . If you will be pleased to observe what people of the first fashion do with their legs and arms, heads and bodies, you will reduce yours to certain decent laws of motion. You danced pretty well here, and ought to dance very well before you come home; for what one is obliged to do sometimes, one ought to be able to do well. And you should endeavour to shine. A calm serenity, negative merits and graces, do not become your age. You should be *alerte, adroit, vif*: be wanted, talked of, impatiently expected, and unwillingly parted with in company. I should be glad to hear half-a-dozen women of fashion say, '*Où est donc le petit Stanhope? Que ne vient-il? Il faut avouer qu'il est aimable.*' All this I do not mean with regard to women as the principal object, but with regard to men, and with a view of making yourself considerable. For, with very small variations, the same things that please women

please men; and a man whose manners are softened and polished by women of fashion, and who is formed by them to an habitual attention and complaisance, will please, engage, and convince men much easier and more than he would otherwise."

Alas, poor Philip! Pleasing was not his occupation in this world. All these, and a thousand more advices to the same effect, he must have received with the docility of habit and despair. His unwearied Mentor lays curious tender transparent traps for him in the shape of letters he professes to have received about *le petit Stanhope*—all couched in Chesterfieldian language, noting the same advantages and the same defects; he approaches the everlasting subject now from one side, now from another; he embodies it in sparkling little treatises; he drags it in unawares in unexpected postscripts; he prays, bribes, threatens, shows how easy it is, how indispensable, how attractive. Two large and closely printed volumes, of which this is the perpetual burden, were shed upon the lad, notwithstanding all the double difficulties of posts and distances in those days, between his eighth and his one-and-twentieth year; but Philip major and Philip minor seems to have remained the same lout, with the same deficiencies throughout all.

We may remark, while quoting these letters, that they contain some very remarkable bits of literary criticism, in one of which he assures his son that the works he finds difficult to understand are generally not worth reading; giving as an instance "*Dante, whom the Italians call Il Divino.*" but whom Chesterfield himself never could read, and thought, "depend upon it," not worth the while!

Philip was launched upon the world in Paris before he had attained his nineteenth year, and his father's instructions were redoubled. At even an earlier age, Chesterfield had not hesitated to address his son familiarly on the subject of those common vices which nowadays are shrouded in decent silence, and certainly do not form a common subject of discussion between (comparatively) innocent sons and (comparatively) well-behaved fathers. It is in this respect that these pages become hideous. The man whose care for his boy is as anxious and as minute as that of a mother, gives to his eighteen-year-old pupil direct injunctions to licentiousness. He does what he can to fix his wavering youthful fancy on one or half-a-dozen persons, and urges upon him as a duty to himself the breach of all



honour, purity, and decency — indicating even by name the individuals to whom he ought to attach himself. These horrible suggestions are made with a composure and good faith which astounds the reader. It is evident that Chesterfield meant no particular harm, that he was only recommending to his boy such conduct as became a young man of spirit, and would be to his credit and advantage. The same letters which convey those hideous instructions, convey also the best of advice, the evidence of the tenderest anxiety.

The glimpse herein afforded of the corruption of society is appalling. It was a corruption which had even lost all conscience of itself. Nobody can be more emphatic than is Chesterfield against *low vice* — the wretchedness that dragged a man down to the lower classes of society. But things bore a different aspect on the higher levels. "Above all," he cries, "may I be convinced that your pleasures, whatever they may be, will be confined within the circle of good company and people of fashion. These pleasures I recommend to you; I will promote them, I will pay for them; but I will neither pay for nor suffer" (says the stern father) "the unbecoming, disgraceful, and degrading pleasures — they cannot be called pleasures — of low and profligate company. I confess the pleasures of high life are not always strictly philosophical; and I believe a Stoic would blame my indulgence; but I am yet no Stoic, though turned of five-and-fifty; and I am apt to think you are rather less so at eighteen. The pleasures of the table among people of the first fashion may, indeed, sometimes by accident run into excesses, but they will never sink into a continued course of gluttony and drunkenness. The gallantry of high life, though not strictly justifiable, carries at least no external marks of infamy about it; neither the heart nor the constitution are corrupted by it; and manners possibly are improved."

This fine distinction, and the still finer indignation with which the line is drawn, takes away the spectator's breath. He stands astonished and listens to the good father recommending with a benign smile to his son's assiduities a certain fair young matron whom nobody had yet beguiled from her duty. Chesterfield does it with such an air of indicating the right thing to do, that the reader, as we have said, is too much amazed to be able for the moment to realise any other feeling. When the poor boy was but fifteen, in Switzerland, his

father had asked him playfully if he had yet found, "quelque belle, vos attentions pour laquelle contribueroient à vous décroter." He was not twenty when this other villanous piece of advice was given to him. What can be said for such a counsellor? He is awful in his smiling experience, his horrible suggestions. Of all depravity in the world there can be none so great as that of the father who would corrupt his boy. And yet this devil's counsellor, with his wicked words on his lips, looks out over sea and land after his nursing with a yearning love that is almost divine. Such problems are beyond human power to solve. They can be cleared up only by One who knows and sees, not in part, but all.

At the very moment when he offered these abominable advices to his son, Chesterfield placed him, with many a detail of his wants and wishes, under the care of various ladies in Paris, among others of Lady Hervey, the "sweet Lepell" of old, a woman against whom scandal had never breathed. He conciliates these ladies, especially Madame de Monconseil, with the delicate flattery of confidence at once in her friendliness and her powers: "votre garçon — votre fils adoptif," he calls the boy, and receives her report of him, and artfully acts upon it in his letters, while concealing from Philip who his critic was. It would seem that the worst of which the poor boy could be accused was an ungraceful manner, — "une pente à désapprouver tout, et un penchant à disputer avec aigreur et empire," — sins which were natural enough in a youth forced to premature blossom, and more highly educated than almost any one he knew. His sojourn in Paris, with all the care of the ladies, and all his father's appeals, does not seem to have had any effect upon him; nor indeed had anything. A bear he had come into the world, and a bear evidently to the last he remained. His establishment in Paris would have been sufficient had he been heir of all the Stanhopes. "You will have your coach, your valet-de-chambre, your own footman, and a valet-de-place, which by the way is one servant more than I had. . . . I would have you very well dressed," Chesterfield adds, "by which I mean dressed as the generality of people of fashion are — that is, not to be taken notice of for being more or less fine than other people; it is by being well dressed, not finely dressed, that a gentleman should be distinguished." All these expenses, however, the young man was to keep up on two



thousand francs a-month — a proof that Paris was a less expensive place a hundred years ago than it is now.

Politeness and good manners, *les graces*, though they hold the largest place in these letters, leave space for another subject which is urged upon the neophyte with almost as great persistency; and that is the art of public speaking. *Orator fit* is the text of many a discourse. Everything can be made but a poet, Chesterfield adds, with steady adherence to the proverb. "It is in Parliament that I have set my heart upon you making a figure," he says; "it is there I want you to be justly proud of yourself, and to make me justly proud of you. This means that you must be a good speaker there; I use the word *must*, because I know you may if you will. . . . Let you and I analyse this good speaker, . . . and we shall find the true definition of him to be no more than this: A man of good common sense who reasons justly and expresses himself eloquently on that subject upon which he speaks. There is surely no witchcraft in this. A man of sense without a superior and astonishing degree of parts, will not talk nonsense upon any subject, nor will he, if he has the least taste or application, talk inelegantly. . . . I have spoken frequently in Parliament and not always without some applause, and therefore I can assure you from my experience that there is very little in it. The elegance of the style, and the turns of the periods, make the chief impression on the hearers. Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech which they will retain and repeat, and they will go home as well satisfied as people do from an opera, humming all the way one or two favourite tunes that have struck their ears and were easily caught. Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and depend upon it you will catch their judgments such as they are." "You will be of the House of Commons as soon as you are of age," he continues in another place, "and you must first make a figure there, if you would make a figure or a fortune in your country. . . . In your destination you will have frequent occasions to speak in public; to Princes and States abroad; to the House of Commons at home: judge then whether eloquence is necessary for you or not; not only common eloquence, which is rather free from faults than adorned by beauties; but the highest, the most shining degrees of eloquence. For God's sake have this object always in your view and in your thoughts. Turn your tongue early to per-

suasion; and let no jarring dissonant accents ever fall from it. Contract a habit of speaking well upon every occasion, and neglect yourself in no one. Eloquence and good breeding alone, with an exceeding small degree of parts and knowledge, will carry a man a great way; with your parts and knowledge, then, how far will they not carry you?"

Thus flattering, arguing, remonstrating, entreating, the anxious artist laboured at the work which he was determined to elaborate into perfection. Alas for such determinations! Had Chesterfield been working in clay or marble, his perseverance must have had its reward. But the material in which he worked was one which even genius cannot move. The boy on whom all these efforts were spent defeated them by that dumb power of human stupidity which is perhaps the most awful of all forces. Nothing could be higher than the ambition which his father entertained for him in those days of his youth, when everything might yet be hoped. That he should make a figure in Parliament was the indispensable and undoubted beginning, anxiously looked forward to, yet still a matter of course; and that being secured, everything else would naturally follow. "If to your merit and knowledge you add the art of pleasing," he writes, "you may very probably come in time to be Secretary of State; but take my word for it, twice your merit and knowledge without the art of pleasing would at most raise you to the *important post* of Resident at Hamburg or Ratisbon." The father did not know when he said these words that he was uttering an unconscious prophecy. Almost the only posts which poor Philip ever held were these two very missions which are here mentioned with contempt.

We are not told by what gradual process the statesman's high hopes were brought down to a certain satisfaction, or pretended satisfaction, with this poor level of possibility. Chesterfield is heroic in his silence; he leaves not a word behind him to express the passionate disappointment, the bitter mortification, which must have been his as he looked on the commonplace figure of which his imagination had made a hero. Neither to the young man himself, nor to any of his correspondents does he bewail the downfall, or blame the heavy soul which thus resisted all his efforts. In the silence, amid all the gathering shadows of his own infirmities, in his deafness and seclusion and the sufferings of approaching age, the father must have taken his burden to him, and made up his mind to it with

a dumb fortitude which is more noble than any speech; his patience, like his love, being half divine.

At last the moment arrived when all these anxious preparations were to come to the trial. The boy took his seat in Parliament at the age of twenty-one; and with "infinite pains" his father attempted "to prepare him for his first appearance as a speaker." The young man seems to have succeeded tolerably well on the whole," says Dr. Maty, "but on account of his shyness was obliged to stop, and, if I am not mistaken, to have recourse to his notes. Lord Chesterfield used every argument in his power to comfort him, and to inspire him with confidence and courage to make some other attempt; but I have not heard that Mr. Stanhope ever spoke again in the House."

Thus came to an end all the high expectations with which Chesterfield for twenty years had beguiled his own troubles, the tedium of declining health, of forced inactivity, and an unsuccessful public career. His son had been to mend all and create a new lustre for the fading life; and now the cherished boy had taken his first step, not within the brilliant boundaries of success, but to that flat plain of mediocrity from which no efforts could ever raise him. The event was one of as great importance in the life of Chesterfield as the loss of an empire, and his personal condition was such as to give every blow of the kind double weight; but not a moan, not a complaint, escapes from the lips of the vanquished man. He must have reconciled himself to the extinction of all his hopes with an incredible force of will, a power of self-restraint which reaches the sublime. He describes himself with pathetic playfulness as "conversing with my equals the vegetables" in his Blackheath garden immediately after. "All the infirmities of an age still more advanced than mine crowd in upon me," he says. "I must bear them as well as I can, — they are more or less the lot of humanity, and I have no claim to an exclusive privilege against them. In this situation you will easily suppose that I have no very pleasant hours; but, on the other hand, thank God," adds the indomitable soul, "I have not one melancholy one, and I rather think my philosophy increases with my infirmities." Thus he takes up his burden with a patience worthy a nobler creed. No more hope for him — no dream of tender glory in his boy. Life over, health over, the dear fiction scattered to the winds that had been his joy. But not a word breaks from the father's com-

pressed lips — not to Dayrolles even, not to Madame de Monconseil, who had shared his hopes and schemes, does he ever acknowledge that Philip has failed. Never was there a picture of proud patience, love, and self-command more complete.

Some years after, young Stanhope went to Hamburg as Resident there, a post which his father immediately, with the strange half-conscious cunning of affection, represents to himself and everybody else as for the moment exceptionally important. He afterwards went to Ratisbon, as if a certain fate had attended Chesterfield's words. A better appointment, that of Resident at Venice, of which he had been confident, was refused by the King himself, on account of his illegitimate birth — a sting which his father must have felt in all its keenness. Finally he went to Dresden, and after repeated attacks of illness died at the age of thirty-six. The fact of his failure does not diminish Chesterfield's care of him, nor make his eagerness to seize every opportunity of advancing or improving both him and his position less apparent. But the interest of the reader fails in Philip when his education is over. From the moment we ascertain how little credit he will ever do to all those pains, how little he will ever realise all those hopes, a certain anger and contempt takes possession of the spectator's mind. We are less patient with him than is his father. Indignation takes the place of forbearance. But yet the unfortunate young fellow, forced upwards to a point of attainment which nature forbade him to reach, put upon a strain to which his strength was totally unequal, is not without a certain claim upon our sympathy. No doubt his father at the last, opening his sad eyes, came to recognise the limits of nature, and suffered the last pang of paternal pride, — the consent of his own judgment that nothing else was possible — the melancholy indulgence of contempt.

After Philip's death a discovery almost more miserable was made by his father. The son for whom he had done so much, and with whom he had given up, as it were, the privileges of a father, to insure perfect confidence and trust, had contracted a secret marriage, which he had not the courage, even on his deathbed, to reveal. We judge of the effect of this communication only by analogy, for Chesterfield still says not a word of his own pangs; no plaint breaks from him on his son's death, no word of reproach or unkindness disturbs the grave politeness with which he addresses the widow

of whose existence he had no idea. There is something awful in the silence with which the old man shrouds his heart,—that heart which had spoken so lavishly, so minutely, so tenderly in the old days. Deaf, old, feeble, racked with pain, worn out with the exquisite contrivances of suffering which are permitted to strike us, body and soul, in our most susceptible parts, not one cry still breaks from his lips. Half Christian, half Stoic, he stands alone and sees everything he had loved and trusted crumble down around him; and says nothing. It is as a polished trifler, a social philosopher, an instance of extreme cultivation, *finesse*, and falsehood, that the ordinary English reader looks upon Chesterfield; yet there he stands, sad as any prophet, stern as a Roman, patient as a Christian, forgiving all things, bearing all things. Strange, solemn, almost sublime ending to an unheroic life.

For at the very last of all, after all those griefs, his heart does not close up, as a heart ravaged by overmuch love might well be expected to do. He could still take thought for his heir, and put down, over again for his use, his epitome of philosophy; and the last letter we shall quote is one addressed to his grandsons, Philip's boys, born in secret, whose very being he might have taken as an injury, had he been as worldly a man as he gave himself out to be, but whom, on the contrary, he took to his heart, and at once undertook to provide for from the moment he was aware of their existence. It is thus he writes in the last year of his life, when worn down by weakness and suffering, to these two children:—

## TO CHARLES AND PHILIP STANHOPE.

"I received a few days ago two of the best written letters I ever saw in my life—the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it, for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters; but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well that one can almost say of you two, *Et cantare pares et respondere parati*? Charles will explain this Latin to you.

"I am told, Phil, that you have got a nickname at school from your intimacy with Master Strangeways, and that they call you Master Strangerways—for to be sure you are a strange boy. Is this true?

"Tell me what you would have me bring you both from home, and I will bring it you when I come to town. In the meantime, God bless you both!"—

With this last touch of nature let us wind up the pathetic record. "Give Dayrolles a chair," were the dying man's last words, they say, and the attendant doctor calls the world to observe that "his good-breeding gifted him only with his life." But with all deference to established prejudices, we believe our readers will conclude with us that the tender little letter above is a more true conclusion to that strange force of paternal love which lasted as long as Chesterfield's life.

We are aware that in all this we have departed entirely from the traditional usage which should have made Chesterfield's letters and his system of philosophy our subject instead of himself. These letters are within everybody's reach; but they are not so wonderful, so unique, or so manifold, as was the man.

## DEAD HOPE.

HOPE new born one pleasant morn  
Died at even;  
Hope dead lives nevermore,  
No, not in heaven.

If his shroud were but a cloud  
To weep itself away;  
Or were he buried underground  
To sprout some day!  
But dead and gone is dead and gone  
Vainly wept upon.

Nought we place above his face  
To mark the spot,  
But it shows a barren place  
In our lot.  
Hope has birth no more on earth  
Morn or even;  
Hope dead lives nevermore,  
No, not in heaven

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH.

By E. A. ABBOT.

THE following remarks, concerning the teaching of English, can lay no claim whatever to attention except so far as they are the results of experience. It will, therefore, be best to entrust the care of theories to the more able hands of Professor Seeley, whose suggestions originated the practice described below; and, plunging at once into work, to imagine our class before us, the books open (say a play of Shakespeare, Richard II. for example), the boys expectant, and the master ready. It is quite certain, however, that the latter fiction — I mean the readiness of the master — will depend to some extent upon the distinctness of his conception of his object. Let us, therefore, apologize for keeping the class and our visitors a few moments waiting while, without theorizing whether the study of English be desirable, or necessary, or worthless, we ask ourselves what object we wish to attain by this study.

I answer, not the knowledge of *words*, or of the laws of *words* (except in a secondary degree), but, in the first place, the knowledge of *thoughts* and the power of *thinking*, and, in the second place, the attainment of the idea of "a book," as a work of art.

If English is to be regarded merely as an instrument for training boys as the classical languages train them, from that point of view English does very imperfectly what Latin and Greek do far more perfectly; and, should I ever be converted to that belief, I would at once give up English studies altogether.

There has been a great deal of exaggeration on this subject. The merit of the classical languages, as a method of training, when tolerably well taught, is precisely that which Mr. Lowe, in his remarkable speech at Liverpool, refused to recognise in them. They force boys to "weigh probabilities." Out of the ten or twenty meanings of the Latin word "ago" found in a dictionary, a boy must select the right meaning by "weighing probabilities" and pondering the context. Inflections give additional scope for the hunting and digging faculties. A boy has to disentomb nominatives, hunt after accusatives, eliminate all manner of other possible constructions of a dative until he is forced to the "dativus commodi," and the like. Surely no one will maintain that in these respects the training afforded to English boys by their own uninflected language

is equal to the training afforded by Latin or Greek.

Hence the study of English as a study of *words* will be, comparatively speaking at all events, a failure, and likely also to superinduce a petty word-criticizing spirit of reading which is to be avoided. For these reasons, both etymology and grammar ought, in the study of English, to be kept in strict subordination to the study of thought. The great question ought always to be, "What does the author mean?" and the continual requirement from the pupils ought to be, "Put the meaning exactly into your own words." Of course, directly the question is asked, "What does the author mean?" grammar and etymology will at once step in under their proper ancillary character, doubly valuable because used as servants. They will not merely afford their usual mental training, they will also disabuse boys of the notion that grammar and etymology are infernal machines destined for their torture.

Wherever grammar and etymology illustrate the laws of thought, there they have their place in English studies; but where they do not illustrate, or cannot be made to appear to boys to illustrate thought (as for instance where etymology simply illustrates the laws of euphony), they ought to be carefully kept out of sight. Thus, if we take Richard II. act i. sc. 2, —

"Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,"

I should think the derivation of "miscreant" far more important than that of "traitor," and the process of thought traceable in the former (or even in the latter) word far more important than the law which drops the *d* in both words. In the same passage, a few lines above,

"Each day still better other's happiness,"

if you were to ask young boys what is the meaning of the verse, and then, when some careless boys would show (as I think some would show, and know that some have shown) that they had misunderstood it, were to ask them to parse "better," I think even the average boy, instead of feeling aggrieved by the question, would have a new light shed upon parsing and grammar, on finding their aid useful for the understanding even of his native language.

But now I come to the great objection, which is, as I think, felt by many old experienced schoolmasters. "There is no work," they say, "no digging, in all this; the boys cannot get it up; there's nothing to get up

—no lexicon to be turned over, no grammar to be thumbed; the masters must lecture the boys; the boys are merely the recipients, and, at best, repeaters of what they have received."

I don't think this is so. It is true there will be comparatively little turning over dictionaries and very little use of grammars in preparing an English lesson. But is it not a most valuable result that boys should be taught that the mere looking-out of words does not constitute mental work? Is it not work for boys that they should be forced to *think*, that they should be obliged to turn over, not lexicons, but *thoughts*, and perpetually be compelled to ask themselves, "Do I understand this?"

But it may be said, "You cannot get boys to do this." On the contrary, — and this is almost the only point on which I speak with perfect confidence, — I am sure you can. Boys may not do it at first; but as soon as they perceive the kind of questions which they must be prepared to answer, they will work most thoroughly and satisfactorily in preparation. The great business of the master will be to prevent them from working too hard, and from accumulating a number of pieces of philological and grammatical information which, as not tending to illustrate the meaning of the author, must be stigmatized as *crum*. The derivations alone of the words in a single scene of a play of Shakespeare would take several hours of a boy's time. Therefore the master will not merely, with great self-denial, suppress his rising inclination to pour out his own superfluous knowledge, and to convert words into pegs whereon to hang his dissertations, he will also encourage his pupils to keep to the point, and nothing but the point, directing their labours (and this will be absolutely indispensable at first) by giving them at the conclusion of every lesson some indications of the difficulties which they must be prepared to solve in the next lesson. In a word, there must be this understanding between master and pupils: that the former, though he may ask more, is to be contented if the latter shows that he understands exactly what his author means, and has formed an opinion about the truth or falsehood of it. Other questions may be asked, but warning should be given of them beforehand.

And now let us return to our pupils whom we left patiently perusing their Richard II. Last week they received notice of the questions that would be asked, with the exception of those that arise naturally from the passage, most of which they are expected to

anticipate without warning. I turn to the bottom boy.

"The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments."

"What was the original meaning of the word 'lewd'?" He answers, or ought to answer (for notice has been given of this question), as his dictionary tells him, "connected with the laity." "What process of thought is traceable in the change of meaning which the word has undergone?" He cannot answer: the question passes to the top, and you are told that "it was thought that the laity were not so good as the clergy, and so the name came to be considered a reproach." Perhaps you extract from another boy that "by degrees the word came to express that particular kind of badness which seemed most unclerical."

That is of the nature of a luxury. We pass to a more solid question.

"We thank you both: yet one but flatters us  
As well appeareth by the cause you come."

"Explain the construction in the second line. Put the argument into the form of a syllogism, showing the suppressed major. Is it correct or incorrect?" This question brings a clear-headed boy to the top, or near it, and we pass on.

"That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,  
And consequently like a traitor coward  
Sluic'd out his innocent blood."

"Illustrate, by the derivations of the words, the Shakespearian use of 'suggest' and 'consequently.'"

"That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts."

"Give reasons for justifying or condemning this maxim. What are the two faulty extremes between which lies the virtue patience? What is the mean between cowardice and the other faulty extreme?"

"Yet can I not of such tame patience boast."

"What is the difference between 'patience' and 'tameless,' 'tameless' and 'cowardice'?"

Then come two questions of which notice has been given. "What marked difference is there between Richard's language before and after his return from Ireland? Explain it. What is there in common between



Hamlet and Richard?" After obtaining satisfactory answers evincing thought and study, and coming not far short of the mark, you can, if the class seems worthy of the information, guide them, by a series of searching questions carefully arranged, to a more complete answer than they have been able, unassisted, to give.

Then, passing to the subject of rhythm —

"As near as I could sift him in that argument."

"Is there any rule with reference to the number of syllables in a Shakespearian line? How would you scan this verse? —

" 'Setting aside his blood's high royalty,  
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,  
I do defy him, and I spit at him.  
Call him a slanderous villain and a coward,  
Which to maintain I would allow him odds  
And meet him, were I tied to run afoot,'"  
&c.

"Analyse this sentence, pointing out the main proposition or propositions, parsing 'setting' and 'let,' and expressing the whole sentence in a number of affirmative and conditional sentences."

"Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear," &c.

"Expand the metaphor contained in the two first lines into its similitude. Is it in good taste? Give reasons for your answer. Explain the meaning of 'feeble wrong.' Give the derivations and meaning of 'parle.' What is the metaphor in 'sound so base a parle?' What is the derivation of 'motive,' and how does the derivation explain the Shakespearian and the present use of the word?"

I have forbore, for space' sake, to show how the answers to such questions, even when not entirely satisfactory, would give evidence of preparation, above all of mental not merely manual book-thumbing preparation, and would afford to the teacher a test of the diligence of his pupils as well as a means of developing their intelligence. Many may think these questions absurdly easy. I should be glad if they were found so; but my experience indicates that boys ranging in age from thirteen to sixteen will not find such questions too easy, and that for younger boys much easier questions would be necessary.

It may be well here to add that though a knowledge of Latin has been presupposed above in our imaginary class, and must always be most useful in an English lesson, yet it is not necessary. It is no more, or but little more, useful for such a purpose than a knowledge of German. It is certainly possible so to teach English even without the aid of Latin or German as not to leave one's pupils at the conclusion of the lesson under the impression that they have been studying "a collection of unmeaning symbols." The boys may be told the meanings of the roots "fer," "scribe," "sent," and hence led on to infer, from the knowledge of these roots and of a few prefixes, the meanings of the compound words "refer," "suffer," "infer," "consent," "dissent," "assent," "resent," "subscribe," "inscribe," "describe," and there is no more difficulty in learning English thus than there is in learning Latin thus. There is less difficulty, for side by side with this method another can be employed. Boys who know nothing but the vernacular can be trained to explain many words, such as "contract," by themselves suggesting different uses of the word: "I contract my expenditure," "I contract for the building of a bridge," "I contract a debt." Then from these meanings they can eliminate what is accidental in each, and leave behind that which is common to all, the essence of the word. The former is the deductive, synthetic, and shorter, the latter is the inductive, analytic, and more natural method. A teacher may justify his preference, but not his neglect, of either.

For young boys (between eleven and fourteen suppose) it is scarcely possible to frame too easy questions. One point never to be lost sight of is to make all the questions illustrate the sense; and one danger never to be forgotten is the danger of insisting on too much. Let your young pupils read the whole of their play for the sake of the story; expect them, if you like, to be able to tell you what they think of King Richard and of Bolingbroke, but do not let them prepare — do not let them imagine they can prepare — more than fifty or sixty lines critically in the course of a school-term, so as to understand and explain the text thoroughly. For such a class questions on the meanings of words will constitute a large part of our English lesson, and will reveal deep abysses of ignorance.

"First heaven be the record to my speech!  
In the devotion of a subject's love,  
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,"  
&c.



Let us suppose you have already asked the pupils to parse "be,"—not, I fear, an unnecessary question. "What is the meaning of the word 'precious'?" "Nice." "Dear." "Good." "Kind." You might annihilate the last answer by eliciting from the class that a jewel is called "a precious stone;" but as the word is somewhat disused, except in that kind of maternal colloquy which probably originated some of the above-mentioned answers, I think you would be forced by the want of materials for analysis to fall back on "price," and teach synthetically. But it is different when you come to ask, "What do you mean by 'record'?" Your answers will come fast and thick, and amid a heap of nonsense, you will pick out "monument," "book," "history." Then, by suggesting the office of the "recorder," and asking the class whether they have ever seen the "Record Office," you will at last extract from some one that "as a man takes down the notes or record of a speech that it may be afterwards remembered, so the Power who rules in heaven is asked to register the words of Bolingbroke that they may never be forgotten." Then if you like (but it is a luxury, or at all events, not a necessary) you can, should your class be learning Latin, point out to them how much trouble they would have saved themselves if they had remembered that "recorder" means, "I call to mind," and hence "record" signifies that by which one causes oneself or others to recollect. The same use first of analysis, than of synthesis, first of induction, then of deduction, may be made in eliciting the meaning of "devotion."

Beside being subjected to such examinations, the pupils ought also to read passages in class, having their faults pointed out to them, and receiving marks for correctness, clearness, and taste. Recitations, essay-writing, and paraphrases are also most useful.

I cannot quit this part of my subject without expressing my very strong belief that a knowledge of the processes of induction and deduction, and of the relation between a metaphor and simile, and the manner in which the latter is expanded into the former, ought to be communicated to boys earlier than is now customary. We want to teach boys to think. Now thought has metaphors for its materials, logic for its tools. And therefore to set boys on the study of thought without a knowledge of logic or of metaphor is to set them building a castle of shifting sand,—soon built, soon unbuilt. It is possible to teach (1) the processes by which we arrive at the knowl-

edge, or what we call the knowledge, of general and particular propositions; (2) the stages of such processes in which we are most liable to be deceived; (3) a few of the commonest fallacies corresponding to those different stages, without making boys "smatterers;" and if a teacher knows what he wants to teach, and confines himself to it, it may be taught in an hour and a half, and tested every day throughout the term. As regards metaphors, boys should be made not merely to get up the definition of "metaphor" and "simile," which is of little or no use by itself, but, as soon as they have attained the idea of proportion, to expand each metaphor into its simile by supplying the one or two missing terms of the proportion. Thus, "the ship ploughs the sea." "How many terms are here given?" "Three." "How many do you want for the simile?" "Four." "Supply the missing term, and give the whole proportion." "As the plough is to the land, so is the ship to the sea." And in "the mountain frowns," the two missing terms could of course be supplied in the same way. This might be taught thoroughly to upwards of sixty boys, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, in less than half an hour; and it would be difficult to overvalue such a stimulant and test of intelligence.

After receiving this preliminary information, a boy would need nothing more in order to prepare for his English lesson but a dictionary and a handbook. I daresay it is possible to find many faults in all existing dictionaries and handbooks, particularly in dictionaries; but still, with such treatises as Dr. Angus's "Handbook" and Chambers's "Etymological Dictionary," a teacher can work away pretty well. And when I hear the cry for English teaching met with the cry for English text-books, I am tempted to think of the old proverb about the workman who found fault with his tools.

This brings us to the question of text-books, by which I mean authors edited with notes. I frankly avow that, unless they give very little and very carefully-selected information, they seem to me worse than useless. Of course I admit that for Early English or even for Elizabethan writers text-books are desirable. But it is evident to me that, if an English book is edited with answers to all questions that can fairly be asked, all obscurities explained, all necessity for thought removed, then, though such books may exactly suit crammers for Civil Service examinations, they are useless for us; there is an end of the training which we desire. The notes ought only to illustrate

historical questions, explain archaic words or idioms, give parallel passages, and now and then hints to direct the reader to the meaning of a very difficult passage. They ought not to explain fully any obscurities, nor paraphrase any sentences, nor completely elucidate any thoughts.

I do not believe in "extracts" or "specimens," except where Early English is being studied more for the words than the thoughts. In different schools the matter may present itself under different aspects; but at many middle-class schools there must always be a great number of boys who may get no idea of literature or of the meaning of "a book" at home, and it therefore seems necessary that they should have the opportunity of acquiring that idea at school. Even in the lowest classes I should prefer to use a book that should contain tales or poems complete in themselves, however short.

For the same reason, I should not trouble myself much about the "History of English Literature," at all events till the pupils had reached the highest classes in the school, when such a study would imply something more than mere cram. I cannot help thinking that, in the middle and at the bottom of most schools, the study of a "history of literature" would be little more than ornamental cram. Besides, there is the question of time. If it could be combined with the study of authors, well; but where could you find the time?

I would have each of the lower classes working at two subjects, one a longer book for home reading, the other a short poem, for school-work. The home book should be studied for the book as a whole; boys should not be troubled with detail, but merely be examined occasionally in the plot, characters, &c., in such a way as to bring out for them the drift of the book and purpose of the author. The shorter poem should be thoroughly studied with all minutest details. The home-work should teach boys what is literature, the school-work what is thought. A beginning might be made with "Robinson Crusoe" and Byron's "Sennacherib," or some other short, intelligible, and powerful poem; then "Ivanhoe" and the "Armada;" then Plutarch's "Coriolanus" and the "Horatius Cocles," Plutarch's "Julius Cæsar" and Gray's "Ruin seize thee;" Plutarch's "Agis and Cleomenes" and the "Battle of Ivry;" then "Marmion;" then the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," or "Comus;" then (in the class in which those boys leave who are intended for commercial pursuits) Pope's "Iliad;" then

part of the "Paradise Lost;" then part of the "Fairy Queen;" then Chaucer's "Knight's Tale" or Dante's "Inferno" (in English), or the "In Memoriam," or some of the poems of Dryden, Pope, or Johnson. It would be well, if time could be found for it, to include in the subjects of the highest class some specimens of Early English. For though the study of Early English approximates to the classical studies, yet it cannot be denied that the philological knowledge obtained from the study of Early English pronouns, and of the employment of the subjunctive, and an acquaintance with the obstacles, impediments, and barrenness which made Early English what it was, contribute in no slight degree to the exact understanding of the expressions of Elizabethan and of Modern English.

A play of Shakespeare might be read during another term throughout almost every class in the school. Shakespeare and Plutarch's "Lives" are very vulgarizing books, and I should like every boy who leaves a middle-class school for business at the age of fifteen, suppose, or sixteen, to have read three or four plays of Shakespeare, three or four noble poems, and three or four nobly-written lives of noble Greeks and Romans. I should therefore like to see Plutarch's "Lives" in the hands of every English schoolboy; or, if it were necessary to make a selection, those biographies which best illustrate one's "duty toward one's country."

Now let me answer one objection. It may be said, "The object you have described is desirable, but can be attained by the study of Latin and Greek, and does not necessitate the study of English. There are metaphors and syllogisms, thoughts as well as words, in the classical languages, and not in English merely. Why cannot all this be done in Latin and Greek?"

I answer, "Is it done?" Can any classical master deny that often, when he has wished to elucidate the thought of his author, some enveloping difficulty of *ὁ* or *μή* has extinguished the thought in a mist of words? Of course you meant to point out to your pupils that, from one point of view, the *Ilissus* is as important as, or more important than, the *Mississippi*; that, whether it be *Brasidas* with five hundred men, or *Napoleon* with five hundred thousand, it matters nothing as regards the principles on which cities and battles are won or lost: you intended, no doubt, to make your pupils feel the exquisite Sophoclean irony which sets poor strutting *Edipus* spinning like a cockchafer for the

amusement of gods and men; but did you? I am afraid that you have almost persuaded yourself that you did; but a regard for truth must induce you to confess, on second thoughts, that Brasidas was smothered in his case, and the Sophoclean irony extinguished by a tribrach in the fifth foot. Or, if you thought of it, you found it was getting late, and you could not do your forty lines, or your page and a half, unless you "kept to the point."

Classical scholars are like Alpine travellers, who ascend a mountain on the pretext of a glorious prospect, or scientific observations; but ninety-nine out of a hundred climbers find that when they have reached the top they are too tired to see anything, and that it is so late that there is nothing to see; and then, coming down again by the most difficult way they can select, they secretly confide to their most intimate friends their private conviction that the exercise is the great thing after all.

No doubt Latin and Greek might be taught much better than they often are. I do not envy the teacher who can teach them, without obliging his pupils to "weigh probabilities;" but, for the study of thought, English is evidently more ready to our hand, because in other languages that study cannot commence till they have been translated into English.

I do not think that English can ever supersede or do the work of Latin and Greek, even for boys who leave school at the early age of fifteen. But, on the other hand, I venture to suggest that Latin and Greek may be unable to do the work of English. I am convinced that the study of English may be undertaken so as to interest, stimulate, and develop the student; that it is perfectly compatible with the discipline and competition of very large classes; that its success, as also the success of other studies, depends, to some extent, upon the way in which it is taught, but that, even when taught tentatively by those who will be very glad to receive hints how to teach it better, it may produce results not altogether unsatisfactory.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### SPIRITUALISM IN CHANCERY.

THERE seemed to be no special reason for the death of the great Pan of the age, but for the last few years nobody has heard anything of Spiritualism, or the rappers. Spiritualism in England fell under a hand which,

if not ignoble, could scarcely be said to be distinguished, and it never recovered the discredit which one of its hierophants, Mr. Coleman, encountered in his libel on Mr. Sothorn the actor. There are now no séances at which Bishops and Cabinet Ministers assist on the sly, and it requires something like an effort of the memory to recall, as it is difficult to the mind to believe, that, it is not so very long ago that the *Cornhill Magazine*, when edited by Mr. Thackeray, committed itself to accrediting the narrative of Mr. Home's suspension, self-poised, in the air, while the *Times* of a period within the present lustrum recommended its readers to witness the performances of one Foster, who was soon afterwards detected, but to whom the first of our newspapers scarcely hesitated to attribute the power of working what were only not miracles because they revealed the deepest and highest mysteries of the highest life. The fall of Spiritualism was as rapid as its rise, but it exhaled, unlike the ghost whose euthanasia the Spiritualists used to quote, with a curious perfume and a melodious twang. Spirit-rapping and table-turning died out from among us, not because our precious "mother-age" is too wise for it—the mother-age, like the lady in Southey's *Doctor*, is fool enough for anything—but because the great British intelligence exchanged one set of prophets for another, and gave itself over to its Beales and its Potter, instead of its Davenports and Fosters. Among the more respectable of the sages was a gentleman named Home; indeed respectable is not the epithet for him. Whenever anything was said about the oddness of the fact that "the sperrits" used to frequent a second floor back in Red Lion Street, Holborn; and when it was objected that the Pythonesses were equally guiltless of grammar and clean linen, that the oracles used to talk such dreadful nonsense, that in the spirit world Bacon had degenerated into the intelligence of Dr. Cumming or a Christian Young Man, and that Shakspeare, when disembodied, indited verses which a Tupper would be ashamed of, we were usually confronted with the honoured name of Home. He and Judge Edmonds—an American jurist, who, we believe, is not apocryphal—were trump-cards of the Spiritualists. Mr. Home had written a book, and his enemy had not ventured to quote it against him—"Incidents in My Life," by D. D. Home, 1863." This autobiography contained the history of a remarkable young man who had, according not only to his own account, but to that of other people, risen superior to the discouraging accidents of birth, partly

by his talents and sincerity, and more particularly by his engaging manners, and who by a good marriage with the daughter of a wealthy Russian nobleman had attained fortune, and at the same time the confidence and respect of all sorts of fine folks, ascending in the social hierarchy so far as to be the guest of Emperors and Kings. All this was not only much to Mr. Home's credit, but it really did acquire confidence for him. As Mrs. Howitt, writing in defence of Spiritualism, had occasion to remark, "Mr. Home is surrounded with all the outward accessories of station and wealth, together with a host of friends;" and this circumstance was certainly in his favour. He might be, like Valentine Gueliolus, a medium of two centuries ago, or like Swedenborg, mistaken in his own estimate of his gifts, a fanatic or an enthusiast; but he was not an impostor. He did not show off his gifts for lucre or gain. What he did and said proved a man in earnest, and there were no grounds for demurring to his friends' testimony in his favour. This was what the world knew about Mr. Home. He had written a book not devoid of interest, and with little or no bluster in it. It was full of all sorts of wonderful tales of the usual sort, or rather of unusual instances of the usual phenomena; but nothing more. There was nothing known or said about Mr. Home discreditable to him. Circumstances, when Spiritualism was the fashion, led us to look generally at the *Spiritual Magazine*, and almost the last numbers which we saw of it were those for the autumn of 1866. The November number contained the announcement of the establishment of the Spiritual Athenæum at 22 Sloane Street. The object of the institution, "of which Mr. D. D. Home is appointed Resident Secretary," was announced to be to form "a rallying point for spiritualists and their friends for the interchange of information and for consultation, and where 'sittings,' under judicious arrangements, shall be regularly held with Mr. Home and other mediums." The promoters believed "that Mr. Home's mediumship, free of all conflicting influences, may thus be made wider and more practical in its beneficial effects." A further object or "duty" of the executive committee was "to make such arrangements as shall secure facilities for healthy, useful, and instructive communion to those who seek, as well as those who are willing to give, information 'concerning spiritual gifts,' while promoting social intercourse aiming at loftier and holier objects, checking the spread of materialism, &c." The subscription re-

quired was 5*l.* 5*s.* annually, and the Council consisted of "Mr. Brocklebank, Lombard Street; Dr. Elliotson; Captain Drayson, R.A., Woolwich; Count de Gendre; Mr. Gibson; Mr. Gledstanes; Dr. Gully, of Malvern; Mr. Carter Hall; Mr. Humphreys; Mr. Jencken; Mr. Perdicaris; Mr. Rudall; Mr. Spratt; Mr. Sterling; and the Rev. J. G. Wood, of Belvedere, Kent."

Mr. Home's position in 1866, as Resident Secretary and hired medium of the Athenæum, seems hardly consistent with the wealth and station which he appears to have had in 1863. But this can be accounted for. Upon his Russian wife's death it turned out either that her fortune was not settled on the husband, or the settlement was disputed. Be this, however, as it may, the mere fact that Mr. Home was obliged to accept a secretary's salary was no discredit to him. We may think the Spiritual Athenæum a very queer institution; but neither it nor its Resident Secretary—given Spiritualism—was to be wondered at or suspected. The Athenæum was launched late in 1866, and among the earliest members was a widow lady named Lyon, who at that time was in her 73rd or 74th year and the seventh of her widowhood, and who was in the possession of upwards of 100,000*l.* at her absolute disposal. From what has come out on the trial of Lyon v. Home, it seems that Mrs. Lyon first heard, if not of Spiritualism, at least of the Athenæum, through Mrs. Sims, a photographer in Tyburnia. On the 2nd or 3rd of October, 1866, Mrs. Lyon went to Sloane Street, and instantly realized

. . . that saw of might,  
He never loved who loved not at first sight.

Spiritualism and Mr. Home were the exact truths and blessings which she had long been looking for. Her husband's death in 1859 had affected Mrs. Lyon in a remarkable way. It seems that some such promise or understanding had taken place, between Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, as that which is familiar in the famous story of the Beresford Ghost—which, by the way, is the exact double of the older tale of Capt. Sydenham and Major Dyke recorded by Glanvil. Mrs. Lyon believed that her dead husband would always be present with her, and perhaps would communicate with her; and she entertained a conviction that she should only survive him seven years. It was in 1866 that this mystic and fatal period of seven years was about expiring, and this conviction of her approaching death, or re-

union with her husband, Mrs. Lyon mentioned to Mrs. Sims, the photographer who first sent Mrs. Lyon to the Athenæum, suggesting a remarkable interpretation of her presentiment — namely, that she might be reconciled to her husband by means of "the head-Spiritualist, Mr. Home." We are not aware whether Mrs. Sims communicated Mrs. Lyon's private history to the Resident Secretary of the Athenæum, but at the very first interview with that gentleman the spirit of Mr. Lyon deceased, through Mr. Home, immediately announced to his "beloved Jane — I am Charles, your own beloved husband. . . . I am with you always. I love, love, love you as I always did." This was on the 3rd of October, and Mrs. Lyon was so pleased with the message, or rather presence, of her husband, that she presented Mr. Home, the medium, with 30*l*. Three days afterwards the beloved Charles announced to the beloved Jane that what he had darkly intimated as to occur at the end of the mystic seven years was the adoption of Daniel Home as their son. This delightful intimation was rewarded with 50*l*. On the very next day another message from the husband announced that her adopted son was to be endowed with 700*l*. a year. Here appears Mr. Carter Hall, introduced by Mr. Home, who — so says Mrs. Lyon — calculated (not without raising a question as to the magnitude of the sum) the principal necessary to secure this modest and simple patrimony; and on the 10th of October Mrs. Lyon actually transferred stock to Mr. Home representing 24,000*l*. sterling. Early in November the revelations from the spiritual world were renewed. Mr. Home fell into a trance, and the deceased Lyon announced that his widow must execute a will leaving all her property absolutely to Mr. Home. This will was drawn up by Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, a friend of Mr. Home, a spiritualist believer and author, and who, in Mr. Home's autobiography, testifies to his merits and to the truth of his powers. On the 10th of December a further transfer of 6,000*l*. was made to Mr. Home, in order to complete the sum of 30,000*l*., and a previous revelation had ordered the destruction of all previous wills. Towards the end of January Mr. Wilkinson prepared, and Mrs. Lyon executed, an assignment of a mortgage for 30,000*l*. to the adopted son, who had now, in obedience to the spirit voice, taken the name and arms of Lyon. After this, Mr. Home, now Mr. Home Lyon, appears to have been favoured with no more revelations. Like the boa

constrictor, it seems that a medium's powers of revelation and deglutition are intermittent. After being thoroughly gorged, serpent and Spiritualist become dull and heavy. Mr. Home went out of town. Absence did its usual cold work. Mrs. Lyon began to think that she had somehow got hold of the wrong spirit. So she consulted a witch in Endor — we mean Mrs. Berry, whose daughter was a medium. Again the spirit of the deceased Lyon appeared and denounced Home as an impostor, and asserted that the spirit who had suggested the gifts of 60,000*l*. was only his, Mr. Home's, familiar spirit. The result was that Mrs. Lyon sent for Home, informed him that he was a swindler, and demanded the return of her gifts. To this Mr. Home demurred, and proposed a compromise, to the effect that he was to give up the 30,000*l*. mortgage, but retain the 30,000*l*. money. Whereupon Mrs. Lyon, under other advice — not Mr. Wilkinson's — files a bill in Chancery, praying for a declaration that the several transfers of stock and the assignment of the mortgage were fraudulent, not binding upon Mrs. Lyon, and must be set aside.

This is the substance of the famous case, *Lyon v. Home*, which is now before Vice-Chancellor Giffard. About the material facts there is no dispute. Mr. Home admits them all. He claims to have had his mysterious power since he was six months old. He says that in his case the laws of gravity have been suspended; that he has floated on the ambient ether; that he has repeatedly, and with few suspensions of his power, exercised it; that through him, apart from his own will, and by what means he knows not, the spirits and souls of the departed do communicate with this present world. He does not deny that through his instrumentality or mediumship the spirit of the deceased Lyon did commend his adoption to Mrs. Lyon, and did suggest the will and the gift of 60,000*l*. He admits that on a previous occasion he got, through the assistance of the spirits, an annuity of 150*l*. from a believer in Spiritualism. But he says that Mrs. Lyon's generosity was perfectly spontaneous, and was mainly instigated by personal affection, in which an erotic element was to be traced; that he personally used no undue or any other influence, but that it was all the spirits' work, and that he was throughout irresponsible. Here we may remark that it is very difficult to see what the difference is between Mrs. Lyon's account of the matter and Mr. Home's.



The question for the Vice-Chancellor to decide is whether gifts made at the alleged dictation of the spirit of the deceased Lyon are to be sustained with reference to public policy. That is a matter with which we are all concerned, whether we believe Mrs. Lyon or Mr. Home — both or neither. Mr. Home assumes that the spirits have spoken, so does Mrs. Lyon. What they disagree about is this, whether Mrs. Lyon did or did not personally affect Mr. Home. Mrs. Lyon says that all along she disliked and more than half suspected Home; but that she did what she did in full reliance upon the authenticity of the spiritual message, and the dictation of her husband, who, as she believed, was speaking through Home. Now that she is convinced that the intimations were not true and genuine, she wants her money back. Mr. Home, on the other hand, is obliged to assert the authenticity of the messages; and further, he suggests a personal preference, if not love; and therefore argues that the gift ought to be sustained, because the influence under which it was bestowed was legitimate. It does not appear that, even now, with all her shrewdness and cleverness, Mrs. Lyon has given up all belief in Spiritualism; all that she says is that Home has, as a spiritualist, taken her in. We repeat that, whichever view is entertained by the Court as to the motives of Mrs. Lyon, on either side there still remains the very serious question to the community whether intimations from the spiritual world are to be recognised by the Court of Chancery.

Mr. Home may be a very honest person, and may have only used the supernatural powers which he cannot help exercising. But, taking him at his own word, his honesty leads to very odd results. In other words, the spirit world does business in a way which, if it is to be authorized by an English Court, must entail the necessity of a new code, not only of morality, but of law, for this everyday world. Mr. Home gets out of a rich old fanatical widow, who is of such a temper as to be at feud with her own and her husband's relatives, a fortune of very great value. He introduces his own familiar friends — Mr. Carter Hall, Mr. Rudall, Mr. Perdicaris, Mr. Jencken, and others — to this widow. He brings in

not only a circle of his own friends, but his own solicitor, an entire stranger, who belongs to, and writes up, his own sect and principles. The result is that he gets 60,000*l.* down out of his votary, and secures the reversion to the remainder of her fortune. His friends, we are told, were alarmed at the splendid gains netted by Mr. Home, and, as they say, remonstrated, not against the principle, but against the magnitude of the gifts. But be this as it may, Home's contention is simple. He has done nothing wrong, nothing which the law ought to or can interfere with, nothing conflicting with public policy, by receiving under these circumstances 60,000*l.* What he wants the Court to believe is, that no undue influence — and it is utterly immaterial whether it is the influence of Home himself or of Mr. Lyon deceased — has been employed, and that the Court is bound not to interfere. This is not only what Mr. Home urges, but what his friends and advisers, Mr. Carter Hall and Mr. Wilkinson, urge. In the face of this, which is all that we are concerned with, it is irrelevant whether Mrs. Lyon was or was not inspired with the same sort of passion which, with its sweet pangs, attracted octogenarian Mrs. Piozzzi to Augustus Conway. Nor is it necessary to say whether the spirit revelations are or are not true. However true they may be, our question is, whether we are to allow them to be other than undue influences. The spirits may be very virtuous, pious, pure, disinterested, and righteous, and might arrange mundane things better than we do; but their sort of purity and righteousness is quite incompatible with our poor unspiritual society, such as it is. And, therefore, we cannot come to an understanding with the spirits. In other words, we reckon that the Vice-Chancellor will have to notify to all and singular spirits and souls of the righteous and unrighteous, to all witches and wizards, ghosts and ghost-seers, goblins and mediums, spirit drawings and airy harps, and to the whole tag-rag and bobtail of devils and devilkins, that deeds of gift, assignments, and wills dictated by the spirits to rich and silly widows, will be summarily set aside as transactions which English law and equity decline to recognise.



From Once a Week.

## SOCIABLE SILENCE.

THERE is a silence which is felt to be sociable, when the silent associates are tried and trusty friends. Wherever, in fact there is implicit confidence, and an underlying sense of general sympathy, it is often a relief to be able to hold one's peace without any risk of misapprehension. Whereas, with a comparative stranger, one puts on company manners, and has to keep up the shuttle-cock of colloquial inanity with all one's battle-door might. Everybody who has friends must have felt this; and though — nay, because the feeling is a common one, it may be interesting to show by examples how it has been expressed in literature.

Horace Walpole tells a story of two old cronies, who, sitting together one evening till it was quite dark, without speaking, one called to the other, "Tom, Tom." "Well," said his friend, "what do you say?" "Oh," said the other, "are you there?" "Ay," said old Tom. "Why, then, don't you say humph?" demanded the first. So that there was but a felt presence the silence was enjoyable between these twain. The mute companionship was scarcely the less companionable for being mute. Old friends, remarks Walpole in another of his letters, are the great blessing of one's later years — half a word conveys one's meaning. He makes this remark in reference to the loss of his intimate friend Mr. Chute, whom he used to see oftener than any one, and to whom he had recourse in every difficulty. "And him I loved to have here, as our friendship was so entire, and we knew one another so entirely, that he alone was never the least constraint to me. We passed many hours together without saying a syllable to each other; for we were both above ceremony."

It is the concluding couplet in the following lines that best attests the confiding friendship that existed between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Skene:

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain  
Recalls our summer walks again;  
When doing naught — and, to speak true,  
Not anxious to find aught to do, —  
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,  
While oft our talk its topic changed,  
And desultory, as our way,  
Ranged unconfin'd from grave to gay;  
E'en when it flagged, as oft will chance,  
No effort made to break its trance,  
We could right pleasantly pursue  
Our sports in social silence too.

Wisely and well La Bruyère says that, merely to be with those we love is enough. To indulge in reverie the while; to talk to them; not to talk to them; to think about them; to think on matters indifferent and irrelevant to them, — but with themselves beside us, — all goes well on that single condition: *tout est égal*. The Abbé Barthélemy speaks happily of those happy moments between like-minded friends, when the very silence is a proof of the enjoyment each feels in the mere presence of the other; for it is a silence productive of neither weakness nor disgust. They say nothing, but they are together. *On ne dit rien, mais on est ensemble*. Rousseau is even rapturous in his eulogies of sympathetic silence; he dilates with enthusiasm on the quantity and quality of good things that are said without ever opening the mouth — on the ardent sentiments that are communicated without the frigid medium of speech. Fénelon expatiates on the charm of free communion, *sans cérémonie*, with a dear friend who don't tire you, and whom neither do you tire; you see one another; at times one talks; at others, listens; at others, both keep silence; for both are satisfied with being together, even with nothing to say. *"On ne se dit rien, on est content d'être ensemble sans se rien dire."*

For those who have managed that things shall run smoothly over the domestic rug, says the author of *Orley Farm*, there is no happier time of life than the long candle-light hours of home and silence. "No spoken content or uttered satisfaction is necessary. The fact that is felt is enough for peace." This fact is touchingly exemplified in the American story of *The Gay-worthys*, in the instance of stolid Jaazaniah Hoogs and his leal-hearted wife Wealthy. We see Jaazaniah in his chair, the three-legged chair tilted up, the man whittling a stick, and whistling. Wealthy is busy chopping, following her own solitary thoughts, but feeling a certain habitual comfort in having him at her elbow. Standing up for the poor soul, she maintains in one place that his thoughts come out in his whistling: he could never make such music as that out of nothing. "You never heard it, nor nobody else, as I have. Why, when we're sitting here, all alone . . . he'll go on so [whistling], that I hold my breath for fear o' stopping him. It's like all the Psalms and Revelations to listen to it. There's something between us then that's more than talk." — Presently it is beside his death-bed that she sits, in the same expressive silence. "She sat by him for hours; sometimes lay-

ing her hand softly down upon the coverlet, and letting his seek it, as it always would; and the spring breath and music in the air spoke gently for them both, and there was something between them that was more than talk."

One thinks of Dr. Johnson in his last illness, visited by Malone, and proving so unusually silent that the visitor rose to leave, believing him to be in pain, or incommoded by company. "Pray, sir, be seated," Johnson said. "I cannot talk, but I like to see you there." Indeed, great talker in every sense as the doctor had been in his prime, he was never insensible to the value of sympathetic silence. During his tour to the Hebrides, his companion, Boswell, took the liberty one evening of remarking to Johnson, that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with a single friend. "It is true, sir," replied Johnson. "Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost; you never speak till you are spoken to.'" Boswell was apparently incapable of seeing anything enjoyable in social silence. Not so his everyway bigger friend.

A delightful essayist of the present time, discussing the companionship of books, accounts it no forced paradox to say that a man may sometimes be far more profitably employed in surveying his book-shelves in meditative mood, than if he were to pull this or that volume down and take to reading it; "just as two friends may hold sweeter converse in perfect silence together, than if they were talking all the time."

Henry Mackenzie's Montauban congratulates himself on the footing upon which already he stands with his new acquaintance, Monsieur de Roubigné: "He does not think himself under the necessity of eternally talking to entertain me; and we sometimes spend a morning together pleased with each other's society, though we do not utter a dozen sentences." It is of Julia de Roubigné, in the same epistolary novel, that another letter-writer declares, after adverting to the sprightliness of a Mademoiselle Dorville, — "Oh, Beauvaris! I have laid out more soul in sitting five minutes with Julia de Roubigné in silence, than I should in a year's conversation with this little Dorville."

Elia accounts that to be but an imperfect solitude which a man enjoys by himself, and applauds the sense of the first hermits when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, "to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Car-

thusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness." In secular occasions, Elia adds, what is so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by — say a wife — he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication. "Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words? . . . Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude."

Lamb's reference to the agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness cultivated in monastic retreats, may remind us of what is told of a celebrated meeting between St. Louis, King of France, in disguise, and Egidius of Assisi, a rich citizen, "famous for many graces," writes Sir James Stephen, "and for not a few miracles." At Perugia the two saints met, and long knelt together in silent embrace. On the departure of the king, Egidius was rebuked by his brethren for his rudeness in not having uttered a word to so great a sovereign. "Marvel not," he answered, "that we did not speak; a divine light laid bare to each of us the heart of the other. No words could have intelligibly expressed that language of the soul, or have imparted the same sacred consolation."

One of the most popular of French authors comments, in his autobiography, on the analogy he professes to have observed between the two races of sailors and forest-rangers, and tells, for instance, how the mariner or the woodman will remain by the side of his best friend, in the one case on the ocean, in the other deep in the forest, without exchanging a single word. But as the two entertain the same train of ideas — as their silence has been no more than a long tacit communion with nature, "You will be astonished to find that, at the proper moment, they have but to exchange a word, a gesture, or a glance, and they will have communicated more to each other by this word, this gesture, or glance of the eye, than others could have done in a long discourse." As Scott and Skene with their sports, so can these

Right pleasantly pursue  
Their craft, in social silence too.

Mr. Helps' three Friends in Council return home, after one of their outdoor colloquies, or peripatetic philosophisings, "not sorry to be mostly silent" as they go along, and glad that their friendship is so assured that they can be silent without the slightest danger of offence.

Uncle Sol and Mr. Toots, in *Dombey & Son*, wait patiently in the churchyard, sitting on the copingstone of the railings, until Captain Cuttle and Susan come back. Neither being at all desirous to speak, or to be spoken to, they are expressly described as excellent company, and quite satisfied. Glance again at the same author's picture of Mr. Willet and his companions, Mr. Cobb and long Phil Parkes, enjoying one another's society at the Maypole; and how enjoying it? "For two mortal hours and a half, none of the company had pronounced one word." Yet were they all firmly of opinion that they were very jolly companions — every one — rather choice spirits than otherwise; and their look at each other every now and then is said to have been as if there were a perpetual interchange of ideas going on — no man among them considering himself or his neighbour by any means silent; and each of them nodding occasionally when he caught the eye of another, as if to say, "You have expressed yourself extremely well, sir, in relation to that sentiment, and I quite agree with you."

Mr. Shirley Brooks, in his last and best novel, says: "It is a happy time when a man and a woman can be long silent together, and love one another the better that neither speaks of love. A few years later, and silence is perhaps thought to mean either sorrow or sulks." And if this reflection relate to fiction, here is a sketch from fact, which may go with it — a reminiscence by Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck of her early childhood, and of happy hours spent alone with her mother, for whom absolute quiet was indispensable during many hours of the day: — "She was generally seated at her table with her books, her plans of landscape gardening, or ornamental needlework, whilst I was allowed to sit in the room, but to be in perfect silence, unless when my mother called me to fetch anything, or addressed to me some little kind word, which seemed not so much to break the silence as to make it more complete and happy by an united flow of hearts." The lovers, in a modern poem on love, are taken to be a deal more eloquent in their silence than in their converse: —

Which was most full — our silence or our speech?  
Ah, sure our silence! Though we talked high things  
Of life and death, and of the soul's great wings,

And knowledge pure, which only Love can teach;  
And we have sat beside the lake's calm beach,  
Wordless and still, a long and summer day,  
As if we only watch'd the insect-play,  
Or rippling wave.

The young lover in Mr. Disraeli's *Love Story*, expressly so called, apologizes to Henrietta Temple for a long term of significant silence, with the candid avowal that he's afraid he's very stupid. "Because you are silent?" she asks. "Is not that a sufficient reason?" he submits. "Nay, I think not," replies Miss Temple; "I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I cannot bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion. The whole day passes sometimes without papa and myself exchanging fifty words; yet I am very happy; I do not feel that we are dull." So, when the tenant of Wildfell Hall is being courted by Markham, the latter plumes himself on possessing the faculty of enjoying the company of those he loves, as well in silence as in conversation. One feels sure that this faculty was possessed in a marked degree by all the Brontë family, to the youngest of whom we owe the rather grim and very characteristic story last named.

There is a fragment in print of an unpublished play of Leigh Hunt's, picturing an ideal home — a heaven this side the stars, (as happy husband tells his happy wife): —

By men call'd home, when some blest pair are met  
As we are now; sometimes in happy talk,  
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk,  
Where friends are match'd) each at its gentle task  
Of book, or household need, or meditation.

To like effect, in all intents and purposes, writes the poet of the *Angel in the House*, a sufficiently cognate theme; where Frederick sends his mother this suggestive sketch of his wedded life: —

For hours the clock upon the shelf  
Has all the talking to itself;  
But to and fro her needle runs  
Twice, while the clock is ticking once;  
And, where a wife is well in reach,  
Not silence separates, but speech;  
And I, contented, read or smoke,  
And idly think, or idly stroke  
The winking cat, or watch the fire,  
In social peace that does not tire.

From The Examiner, May 2.

#### STORMING OF MAGDALA.

Most cordially do we join in the general jubilation, on the successful issue of the Abyssinian Expedition. An expedition which originated and was supported solely on grounds of humanity and justice; — which has been brought to a termination with unhoped-for speed, by the genius and resolution of its chief, and the self-devotion of his troops; — which is at this moment extorting the admiration of the world, not more by the display of military talent and engineering skill than by the absence of all interested motives; and which, unlike most invasions, instead of devastating and impoverishing the country, leaves it benefited for the time being, by the occupation of the invaders.

The only drawback to our exultation is the doubt which, reluctant as we are to entertain it, still forces itself upon us, — whether the storming of Magdala, and the loss of life involved in that operation, was really a matter of stern, absolute necessity. This painful misgiving has been answered by anticipation in the *Times* with the question, "How could we have turned back leaving Theodore's boasted stronghold untaken, himself unsubdued, and the chiefs who have aided us at his mercy? Nothing short of this decisive blow would have broken the spell of his marvellous prestige, or persuaded the Oriental world that we had not bought him off by a bribe." Now it must be recollected that an engagement had taken place on the 10th inst., in which the Abyssinians had been defeated with heavy loss, and that on the two following days Theodore sent into our camp not only the English captives, but every European in his power. According, therefore, to our own professions from the beginning, and throughout our operations, the whole object of the Expedition was accomplished; and the bombardment of Magdala could not be necessary for a purpose already attained. Then, did any necessity exist, on the grounds on which the storming is vindicated? In what way would the English name have suffered, even if the Oriental world

had believed that we had secured the lives and liberties of our countrymen by a money payment? The victory gained on the 10th would have been a practical answer to the taunt; and the subsequent surrender of the prisoners must have sufficiently broken Theodore's prestige, — supposing it to have been one of our objects to break it, which it was not. Moreover, one of the modes, by which it was hoped in this country that the matter would be settled, was by some accommodation of this kind. No doubt, "the fall of Magdala, defended by the renowned Theodore himself, at a distance of 400 miles from the coast, before a British force despatched from Bombay, may produce a deep impression in every bazaar of Central Asia." But the Expedition was not resolved on, for the purpose of making an impression on Asiatic bazaars; and no such hoped-for impression, as it appears to us, affords any justification of the storming, if not otherwise indispensable.

The plea that we should have left the chiefs who had aided us at his mercy, has more weight in it at first sight; though, by the way, the "aid" which we appear to have received from these chieftains is of a very negative character, being in truth little more than neutrality. But see to what lengths this plea might have carried us. Suppose this chivalrous semi-barbarian, instead of falling on the ramparts — whether by his own hand or by a chance rifle shot — had, after surrendering his prisoners, escaped into the mountain fastnesses, the same scruples as to leaving the chiefs at his mercy would have imposed on us the duty of pursuing, securing, and even dethroning him; for nothing short of this extreme course could have effectually shielded our supposed allies from his vengeance. We cannot, therefore, help feeling grave doubts whether on this ground, any more than on those already discussed, the storming can be justified, and whether our intended interposition between King Theodore and his rebellious or disaffected subjects, would not have laid us open to the charge, at least of "Protection," which, in the defence we have been analysing, is repudiated almost as forcibly as "Annexation."

## CHAPTER XV.

ALL January had passed by. That thirtieth of January had come and gone which was to have made Linda Tressel a bride, and Linda was still Linda Tressel. But her troubles were not therefore over, and Peter Steinmarc was once again her suitor. It may be remembered how he had reviled her in her aunt's presence, how he had reminded her of her indiscretion, and how he had then rejected her; but, nevertheless, in the first week of February he was again her suitor. Madame Staubach had passed a very troubled and uneasy month. Though she was minded to take her niece's part when Linda was so ungenerously attacked by the man whom she had warmed in the bosom of her family, still she was most unwilling that Linda should triumph. Her feminine instincts prompted her to take Linda's part on the spur of the moment, as similar instincts had prompted Tetchen to do the same thing; but hardly the less on that account did she feel that it was still her duty to persevere with that process of crushing by which all human vanity was to be pressed out of Linda's heart. Peter Steinmarc had misbehaved himself grossly, had appeared at that last interview in a guise which could not have made him fascinating to any young woman; but on that account the merit of submitting to him would be so much the greater. There could hardly be any moral sackcloth and ashes too coarse and too bitter for the correction of a sinful mind in this world, but for the special correction of a mind sinful as Linda's had been, marriage with such a man as Peter Steinmarc would be sackcloth and ashes of the most salutary kind. The objection which Linda would feel for the man would be the exact antidote to the poison with which she had been infected by the influence of the Evil One. Madame Staubach acknowledged, when she was asked the question, that a woman should love her husband; but she would always go on to describe this required love as a feeling which should spring from a dutiful submission. She was of opinion that a virtuous child would love his parent, that a virtuous servant would love her mistress, that a virtuous woman would love her husband, even in spite of austere severity on the part of him or her who might be in authority. When, therefore, Linda would refer to what had taken place in the parlour, and would ask whether it were possible that she should love a man who had ill-used her so grossly, Madame Staubach would reply as though

love and forgiveness were one and the same thing. It was Linda's duty to pardon the ill-usage and to kiss the rod that had smitten her. "I hate him so deeply that my blood curdles at the sight of him," Linda had replied. Then Madame Staubach had prayed that her niece's heart might be softened, and had called upon Linda to join her in these prayers. Poor Linda had felt herself compelled to go down upon her knees and submit herself to such prayer as well as she was able. Could she have enfranchised her mind altogether from the trammels of belief in her aunt's peculiar religion, she might have escaped from the waters which seemed from day to day to be closing over her head; but this was not within her power. She asked herself no questions as to the truth of these convictions. The doctrine had been taught to her from her youth upwards, and she had not realised the fact that she possessed any power of rejecting it. She would tell herself, and that frequently, that to her religion held out no comfort, that she was not of the elect, that manifestly she was a castaway, and that therefore there could be no reason why she should endure unnecessary torments in this life. With such impressions on her mind she had suffered herself to be taken from her aunt's house, and carried off by her lover to Augsburg. With such impressions strong upon her, she would not hesitate to declare her hatred for the man, whom, in truth, she hated with all her heart, but whom, nevertheless, she thought it was wicked to hate. She daily told herself that she was one given up by herself to Satan. But yet, when summoned to her aunt's prayers, when asked to kneel and implore her Lord and Saviour to soften her own heart,—so to soften it that she might become a submissive wife to Peter Steinmarc,—she would comply, because she still believed that such were the sacrifices which a true religion demanded. But there was no comfort to her in her religion. Alas! alas! let her turn herself which way she might, there was no comfort to be found on any side.

At the end of the first week in February no renewed promise of assent had been extracted from Linda; but Peter, who was made of stuff less stern, had been gradually brought round to see that he had been wrong. Madame Staubach had, in the first instance, obtained the co-operation of Herr Molk and others of the leading city magistrates. The question of Linda's marriage had become quite a city matter. She had been indiscreet; that was acknowledged.



As to the amount of her indiscretion, different people had different opinions. In the opinion of Herr Molk, that was a thing that did not signify. Linda Tressel was the daughter of a city officer who had been much respected. Her father's successor in that office was just the man who ought to be her husband. Of course he was a little old and rusty; but then Linda had been indiscreet. Linda had not only been indiscreet, but her indiscretion had been, so to say, very public. She had run away from the city in the middle of the night with a young man, — with a young man known to be a scamp and a rebel. It must be acknowledged that indiscretion could hardly go beyond this. But then was there not the red house to make things even, and was it not acknowledged on all sides that Peter Steinmare was very rusty? The magistrates had made up their minds that the bargain was a just one, and as it had been made, they thought that it should be carried out. When Peter complained of further indiscretion on the part of Linda, and pointed out that he was manifestly absolved from his contract by her continued misconduct, Herr Molk went to work with most demure diligence, collected all the evidence, examined all the parties, and explained to Peter that Linda had not misbehaved herself since the contract had last been ratified. "Peter, my friend," said the burgo-master, "you have no right to go back to any thing, — to any thing that happened before the twenty-third." The twenty-third was the day on which Peter had expressed his pardon for the great indiscretion of the elopement. "Since that time there has been no breach of trust on her part. I have examined all the parties, Peter." It was in vain that Steinmare tried to show that he was entitled to be absolved because Linda had said that she hated him. Herr Molk did not lose above an hour or two in explaining to him that little amenities of that kind were to be held as compensated in full by the possession of the red house. And then, had it not been acknowledged that he was very rusty, — a man naturally to be hated by a young woman who had shown that she had a preference for a young lover? "Oh, bah!" said Herr Molk, almost angry at this folly; "do not let me hear any thing more about that, Peter." Steinmare had been convinced, had assented, and was now ready to accept the hand of his bride.

Nothing more had been heard of Ludovic since the day on which he had come to the house and had disappeared. Herr Molk, when he was interrogated on the subject,

would shake his head, but in truth Herr Molk knew nothing. It was the fact that Valcarm, after being confined in prison at Augsburg for three days, had been discharged by the city magistrates; and it was the case, also, though the fact was not generally known, that the city magistrates of Augsburg had declared the city magistrates of Nuremberg to be — geese. Ludovic Valcarm was not now in prison, but he had left Nuremberg, and no one knew whither he was gone. The brewers Sach, by whom he had been employed, professed that they knew nothing respecting him; but then, as Herr Molk declared, the two brothers Sach were men who ought themselves to be in prison. They, too, were rebels, according to Herr Molk.

But in truth, as regarded Linda, no trouble need have been taken in inquiring after Ludovic. She made no inquiry respecting him. She would not even listen to Tetchen when Tetchen would suggest this or that mode of ascertaining where he might be. She had allowed herself to be reconciled to Tetchen, because Tetchen had taken her part against Peter Steinmare; but she would submit to no intrigue at the old woman's instance. "I do not want to see him ever again, Tetchen."

"But, fraulein, you loved him."

"Yes, and I do. But of what use is such love? I could do him no good. If he were there, opposite, — where he used to be, — I would not cross the river to him."

"I hope, my dear, that it mayn't be so with you always, that's all," Tetchen had said. But Linda had no vestige of such hope at her heart. The journey to Augsburg had been to her the cause of too much agony, had filled her with too real a sense of maidenly shame, to enable her to look forward with hope to any adventure in which Ludovic should have to take a part. To escape from Peter Steinmare, whether by death, or illness, or flight, or sullen refusal, — but to escape from him let the cost to herself be what it might, — that was all that she now desired. But she thought that escape was not possible to her. She was coming at last to believe that she would have to stand up in the church and give him her hand. If it were so, all Nuremberg should ring with the tragedy of their nuptials.

Since Peter had returned, and expressed to Madame Staubach his willingness to go on with the marriage, he had, after a fashion, been again taken into that lady's favour. He had behaved very badly, but a fault repented was a fault to be forgiven. "I am sorry that there was a rumpus, Madame

Staubach," he had said, "but you see that there is so much to put a man's back up when a girl runs away with a man in the middle of the night, you know."

"Peter," the widow had replied, interrupting him, "that need not be discussed again. The wickedness of the human heart is so deep that it cannot be fathomed; but we have the word of the Lord to show to us that no sinner is too vile to be forgiven. What you said in your anger was cruel and unmanly, but it has been pardoned." Then Peter sat down and lighted his pipe. He did not like the tone of his friend's remarks, but he knew well that there was nothing to be gained by discussing such matters with Madame Staubach. It was better for him to take his old seat quietly, and at once to light his pipe. Linda, on that occasion, and on many others subsequently, came and sat in the room, and there would be almost absolute silence. There might be a question asked about the household, and Linda would answer it; or Peter might remark that such a one among the small city dealers had been fined before the magistrates for some petty breach of the city's laws. But of conversation there was none, and Peter never on these evenings addressed himself specially to Linda. It was quite understood that she was to undergo persuasion, not from Peter, but from her aunt.

About the middle of February her aunt made her last attack on poor Linda. For days before something had been said daily; some word had been spoken in which Madame Staubach alluded to the match as an affair which would certainly be brought about sooner or later. And there were prayers daily for the softening of Linda's heart. And it was understood that every one in the house was supposed to be living under some special cloud of God's anger till Linda's consent should have been given. Madame Staubach had declared during the ecstasy of her devotion, that not only she herself, but even Tetchen also, would become the prey of Satan if Linda did not relent. Linda had almost acknowledged to herself that she was in the act of bringing eternal destruction on all those around her by her obstinacy. Oh, if she could only herself be dead, let the eternal consequences as they regarded herself alone be what they might!

"Linda," said her aunt, "is it not time at length that you should give us an answer?"

"An answer, aunt Charlotte?" As if she had not given a sufficiency of answers.

"Do you not see how others suffer because of your obstinacy?"

"It is not my doing."

"It is your doing. Do not allow any such thought as that to get into your mind, and assist the Devil in closing the door of your heart. They who are your friends are bound to you, and cannot separate themselves from you."

"Who are my friends?"

"I am sorry you should ask that question, Linda."

"I have no friends."

"Linda, that is ungrateful to God, and thankless. I say nothing of myself."

"You are my friend, but no one else."

"Herr Molk is your friend, and has shown himself to be so. Jacob Heisse is your friend." He, too, using such wisdom as he possessed, had recommended Linda to take the husband provided for her. "Peter Steinmarc is your friend."

"No, he is not," said Linda.

"That is very wicked, — heinously wicked." Whereupon Madame Staubach went towards the door for the purpose of bolting it, and Linda knew that this was preparatory to a prayer. Linda felt that it was impossible that she should fall on her knees and attempt to pray at this moment. What was the use of it? Sooner or later she must yield. She had no weapon with which to carry on the battle, whereas her aunt was always armed.

"Aunt Charlotte," she said, suddenly, "I will do what you want, — only not now; not quite yet. Let there be time for me to make myself ready for it."

The dreaded visitation of that special prayer was at any rate arrested, and Madame Staubach graciously accepted Linda's assent as sufficient quittance at any rate for the evil words that had been spoken on that occasion. She was too wise to demand a more gracious acquiescence, and did not say a word then even in opposition to the earnest request which had been made for delay. She kissed her niece, and rejoiced as the woman rejoiced who had swept diligently and had found her lost piece. If Linda would at last take the right path, all former deviations from it should be as nothing. And Madame Staubach half-trusted, almost thought, that it could not be but that her own prayers should prevail at last. Linda indeed had twice before assented, and had twice retracted her word. But there had been causes. The young man had come and had prevailed, who surely would not come again, and who surely, if coming, would not prevail. And then

Peter himself had misbehaved. It must now be Madame Staubach's care that there should arise no further stumbling-block. There were but two modes of taking this care at her disposal. She could watch Linda all the day, and she could reiterate her prayers with renewed diligence. On neither points would she be found lacking.

"And when shall be the happy day?" said Peter. On the occasion of his visit to the parlour subsequent to the scene which has just been described, Madame Staubach left the room for a while so that the two lovers might be together. Peter had been warned that it would be so, and had prepared, no doubt, his little speech.

"There will be no happy day," said Linda.

"Don't say that, my dear."

"I do say it. There will be no happy day for you or for me."

"But we must fix a day, you know," said Peter.

"I will arrange it with my aunt." Then Linda got up and left the room. Peter Steinmarc attempted no further conversation with her, nor did Madame Staubach again endeavour to create any intercourse between them. It must come after marriage. It was clearly to her God's will that these two people should be married, and she could not but be right to leave the result to His wisdom. A day was named. With a simple nod of her head Linda agreed that she would become Peter's wife on the fifteenth of March; and she received visits from Herr Molk and from Jacob Heisse to congratulate her on her coming happiness.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGHOUT February Linda never flinched. She hardly spoke at all except on matters of household business, but to them she was sedulously attentive. She herself insisted on understanding what legal arrangement was made about the house, and would not consent to sign the necessary document preparatory to her marriage till there was inserted in it a clause giving to her aunt a certain life-interest in the property in the event either of her marriage or of her death. Peter did his best to oppose this, as did also Madame Staubach herself; but Linda prevailed, and the clause was there. "She would have to live with you whether or no," said Herr Molk to the town-clerk. "You couldn't turn the woman out into the street." But Peter had

wished to be master of his own house, and would not give up the point till much eloquence and authority had been used. He had come to wish with all his heart that he had never seen Linda Tressel or the red house; but he had gone so far that he could not retract. Linda never flinched, never uttered a word of complaint; sat silent while Peter was smoking, and awaited her doom. Once her aunt spoke to her about her feelings as a bride. "You do love him, do you not, Linda?" said Madame Staubach. "I do not love him," Linda had replied. Then Madame Staubach dared to ask no further question, but prayed that the necessary affection might be given.

There were various things to be bought, and money for the purpose was in a moderate degree forthcoming. Madame Staubach possessed a small hoard, which was now to be spent, and something she raised on her own little property. A portion of this was intrusted wholly to Linda, and she exercised care and discretion in its disposition. Linen for the house she purchased, and things needed for the rooms and the kitchen. But she would expend nothing in clothes for herself. When pressed on the subject by her aunt, she declared that her marriage would be one that required no finery. Her own condition and that of her proposed husband, she said, made it quite unnecessary. When she was told that Steinmarc would be offended by such exaggerated simplicity, she turned upon her aunt with such a look of scorn that Madame Staubach did not dare to say another word. Indeed at this time Madame Staubach had become almost afraid of her niece, and would sit watching the silent stern industry of the younger woman with something of awe. Could it be that there ever came over her heart a shock of regret for the thing she was doing? Was it possible that she should already be feeling remorse? If it were so with her, she turned herself to prayer, and believed that the Lord told her that she was right.

But there were others who watched, and spoke among themselves, and felt that the silent solemnity of Linda's mode of life was a cause for trembling. Max Bogen's wife had come to her father's house, and had seen Linda, and had talked to Tetchen, and had said at home that Linda was — mad. Her father had become frightened, and had refused to take any part in the matter. He acknowledged that he had given his advice in favour of the marriage, but he had done this merely as a matter of course, — to oblige his neighbour, Madame Staubach. He would have nothing more to with it.

When Fanny told him that she feared that Linda would lose her senses, he went into his workshop and busied himself with a great chair. But Tetchen was not so reticent. Tetchen said much to Madame Staubach; — so much that the unfortunate widow was nearly always on her knees, asking for help, asking in very truth for new gifts of obstinate persistency; and Tetchen also said much to Fanny Bogen.

"But what can we do, Tetchen?" asked Fanny.

"If I had my will," said Tetchen, "I would so handle him that he would be glad enough to be off his bargain. But you'll see they'll never live together as man and wife, — never for a day."

They who said that Linda was mad at this time were probably half-right; but if so, her madness had shown itself in none of those forms which are held to justify interference by authority. There was no one in Nuremberg who could lock a woman up because she was silent; or could declare her to be unfit for marriage because she refused to buy wedding clothes. The marriage must go on. Linda herself felt that it must be accomplished. Her silence and her sternness were not now consciously used by her as means of opposing or delaying the coming ceremony, but simply betrayed the state of mind to which she was reduced. She counted the days and she counted the hours as a criminal counts them who sits in his cell and waits for the executioner. She knew, she thought she knew, that she would stand in the church and have her hand put into that of Peter Steinmarc; but what might happen after that she did not know.

She would stand at the altar and have her hand put into that of Peter Steinmarc, and she would be called his wife in sight of God and man. She spent hours in solitude attempting to realise the position with all its horrors. She never devoted a minute to the task of reconciling herself to it. She did not make one slightest endeavour towards teaching herself that after all it might be possible for her to live with the man as his companion in peace and quietness. She hated him with all the vigour of her heart, and she would hate him to the end. On that subject no advice, no prayer, no grace from heaven, could be of service to her. Satan, with all the horrors of hell, as they had been described to her, was preferable to the companionship of Peter Steinmarc. And yet she went on without flinching.

She went on without flinching till the night of the tenth of March. Up to that time, from the day on which she had last consented to her

martyrdom, no idea of escape had occurred to her. As she left her aunt on that evening, Madame Staubach spoke to her, "You should at any rate pray for him," said Madame Staubach. "I hope that you pray that this marriage may be for his welfare." How could she pray for him? And how could she utter such a prayer as that? But she tried; and as she tried, she reflected that the curse to him would be as great as it was to her. Not only was she to be sacrificed, but the miserable man was bringing himself also to utter wretchedness. Unless she could die, there would be no escape for him, as also there would be none for her. That she should speak to him, touch him, hold intercourse with him, was, she now told herself, out of the question. She might be his servant, if he would allow her to be so at a distance, but nothing more. Or it might be possible that she should be his murderess! A woman who has been taught by her religion that she is and must be a child of the Evil One, may become guilty of what most terrible crime you please without much increase of damage to her own cause, — without much damage according to her own views of life and death. Linda, as she thought of it in her own chamber, with her eyes wide open, looking into the dark night from out of her window, declared to herself that in certain circumstances she would certainly attempt to kill him. She shuddered and shook till she almost fell from her chair. Come what might, she would not endure the pressure of his caress.

Then she got up and resolved that she would even yet make one other struggle to escape. It would not be true of her to say that at this moment she was mad, but the mixed excitement and terror of her position as she was waiting her doom, joined to her fears, her doubts, and, worse than all, her certainties as to her condition in the sight of God, had almost unstrung her mind. She had almost come to believe that the world was at its end, and that the punishment of which she had heard so much was already upon her. "If this is to be a doom forever," she said to herself, "the God I have striven to love is very cruel." But then there came an exercise of reason which told her that it could not be a doom forever. It was clear to her that there was much as yet within her own power which could certainly not be so in that abode of the unblest to which she was to be summoned. There was the window before her, with the silent river running below; and she knew that she could throw herself from it if she chose to put forth the power which she still possessed. She

felt that "she herself might her quietus make with a bare bodkin." Why should she

"Fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after life,  
The undiscovered country from whose bourne  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Linda knew nothing of Hamlet, but the thought was there, exact; and the knowledge that some sort of choice was still open to her, if it were only the choice of sending herself at once to a world different from this, a world in which Peter Steinmarc would not be the avenger of her life's wickedness, made her aware that even yet something might be done.

On the following morning she was in the kitchen, as was usual with her now, at an early hour, and made the coffee for her aunt's breakfast, and for Peter's. Tetchen was there also, and to Tetchen she spoke a word or two in good humour. Tetchen said afterwards that she knew that something was to happen, because Linda's manner to her had been completely changed that morning. She sat down with her aunt at eight, and ate a morsel of bread, and endeavoured to swallow her coffee. She was thinking at the time that it might be the case that she would never see her aunt again. All the suffering that she had endured at Madame Staubach's hands had never quenched her love. Miserable as she had been made by the manner in which this woman had executed the trust which circumstances had placed in her hands, Linda had hardly blamed her aunt even within her own bosom. When with a frenzy of agony Madame Staubach would repeat prayer after prayer, extending her hands towards heaven, and seeking to obtain that which she desired by the painful intensity of her own faith, it had never occurred to Linda that in such proceedings she was ill-treated by her aunt. Her aunt, she thought, had ever shown to her all that love which a mother has for her child, and Linda in her misery was never ungrateful. As soon as the meal was finished she put on her hat and cloak, which she had brought down from her room, and then kissed her aunt.

"God bless you, my child," said Madame Staubach, "and enable you to be an affectionate and dutiful wife to your husband." Then Linda went forth from the room and from the house, and as she went she cast her eyes around, thinking that it might be

possible that she should never see them again.

Linda told no lie as she left her aunt, but she felt that she was acting a lie. It had been arranged between them, before she had entertained this thought of escaping from Nuremberg, that she should on this morning go out by herself and make certain purchases. In spite of the things that had been done, of Valcarm's visit to the upper stories of the house, of the flight to Augsburg, of Linda's long protracted obstinacy and persistently expressed hatred for the man who was to be her husband, Madame Staubach still trusted her niece. She trusted Linda perhaps the more at this time from a feeling that she had exacted so much from the girl. When, therefore, Linda kissed her and went out, she had no suspicion on her mind; nor was any aroused till the usual dinner-hour was passed, and Linda was still absent. When Tetchen at one o'clock said something of her wonder that the fraulein had not returned, Madame Staubach had suggested that she might be with her friend Herr Molk. Tetchen knew what was the warmth of that friendship, and thought that such a visit was not probable. At three o'clock the postman brought a letter which Linda herself had dropped into the box of the post-office that morning, soon after leaving the house. She had known when, in ordinary course, it would be delivered. Should it lead by any misfortune to her discovery before she could escape, that she could not help. Even that, accompanied by her capture, would be as good a mode as any other of telling her aunt the truth. The letter was as follows:—

*"Thursday Night.*

"DEAREST AUNT,—I think you hardly know what are my sufferings. I truly believe that I have deserved them, but nevertheless they are insupportable. I cannot marry Peter Steinmarc. I have tried it, and cannot. The day is very near now; but were it to come nearer, I should go mad, or I should kill myself. I think that you do not know what the feeling is that has made me the most wretched of women since this marriage was first proposed to me. I shall go away to-morrow, and shall try to get to my uncle's house in Cologne. It is a long way off, and perhaps I shall never get there: but if I am to die on the road, oh, how much better will that be! I do not want to live. I have made you unhappy, and everybody unhappy, but I do not think that anybody has been so unhappy as I am. I shall give



you a kiss as I go out, and you will think that it was the kiss of Judas; but I am not a Judas in my heart. Dear aunt Charlotte, I would have borne it if I could. — Your affectionate, but undutiful niece,

“LINDA TRESSEL.”

“Undutiful! So she called herself; but had she not, in truth, paid duty to her aunt beyond that which one human being can in any case owe to another? Are we to believe that the very soul of the offspring is to be at the disposition of the parent? Poor Linda! Madame Staubach, when the letter was handed to her by Tetchen, sat aghast for a while, motionless, with her hands before her. “She is off again, I suppose,” said Tetchen.

“Yes; she has gone.”

“It serves you right. I say it now, and I will say it. Why was she so driven?” Madame Staubach said never a word. Could she have had Linda back at the instant, just now, at this very moment, she would have yielded. It was beginning to become apparent to her that God did not intend that her prayers should be successful. Doubtless the fault was with herself. She had lacked faith. Then as she sat there she began to reflect that it might be that she herself was not of the elect. What if, after all, she had been wrong throughout! “Is anything to be done?” said Tetchen, who was still standing by her side.

“What ought I to do, Tetchen?”

“Wring Peter Steinmarc’s neck,” said Tetchen. “That would be the best thing.” Even this did not bring forth an angry retort from Madame Staubach. About an hour after that Peter came in. He had already heard that the bird had flown. Some messenger from Jacob Heisse’s house had brought him the tidings to the town-hall.

“What is this?” said he. “What is this? She has gone again.”

“Yes,” said Tetchen, “she has gone again. What did you expect?”

“And Ludovic Valcarm is with her?”

“Ludovic Valcarm is not with her!” said Madame Staubach, with an expression of wrath which made him start a foot back from where he stood.

“Ah!” he exclaimed, when he had recovered himself, and reflected that he had no cause for fear, “she is no better than she should be.”

“She is ten times too good for you. That is all that is the matter with her,” said Tetchen.

“I have done with her, — have done with

her altogether,” said Peter, rubbing his hands together.

“I should think you have,” said Tetchen.

“Tell him to leave me,” said Madame Staubach, waving Peter away with her hand. Then Tetchen took the town-clerk by his arm, and led him somewhat roughly out of the room. So he shall disappear from our sight. No reader will now require to be told that he did not become the husband of Linda Tressel.

Madame Staubach did nothing and said nothing further on the matter that night. Tetchen indeed went up to the railway station, and found that Linda had taken a ticket through to Mannheim, and had asked questions there, openly, in reference to the boats from thence down the Rhine. She had with her money sufficient to take her to Cologne, and her aunt endeavoured to comfort herself with thinking that no further evil would come of this journey than the cost, and the rumours it would furnish. As to Peter Steinmarc, that was now all over. If Linda would return, no further attempt should be made. Tetchen said nothing on the subject, but she herself was by no means sure that Linda had no partner in her escape. To Tetchen’s mind it was so natural that there should be a partner.

Early on the following morning Madame Staubach was closeted with Herr Molk in the panelled chamber of the house in the Egidien Platz, seeking advice. “Gone again, is she?” said Herr Molk, holding up his hand. “And that fellow is with her of course?”

“No, no, no!” exclaimed Madame Staubach.

“Are you sure of that? At any rate she must marry him now, for nobody else will take her. Peter won’t bite again at that bait.” Then Madame Staubach was compelled to explain that all ideas of matrimony in respect to her niece must be laid aside, and she was driven also to confess that she had persevered too long in regard to Peter Steinmarc. “He certainly is a little rusty for such a young woman as Linda,” said Herr Molk, confessing also his part of the fault. At last he counselled Madame Staubach that she could do nothing but follow her niece to Cologne, as she had before followed her to Angsburg. Such a journey would be very terrible to her. She had not been in Cologne for years, and did not wish to see again those who were there. But she felt that she had no alternative, and she went.

## CHAPTER XVII.

FOR very many years no connection had been maintained between the two women who lived together in Nuremberg and their nearest relative, who was a half-brother of Madame Staubach's, a lawyer, living in Cologne. This uncle of Linda's was a Roman Catholic, and had on this account been shunned by Madame Staubach. Some slight intercourse there had been on matters of business, and thus it had come to pass that Linda knew the address of her uncle. But this was all that she knew, and knowing this only, she had started for Cologne. The reader will hardly require to be told that she had not gone in company with him who a few weeks since had been her lover. The reader, perhaps, will have understood Linda's character so thoroughly as to be convinced that, though she had submitted to be dragged out of her window by her lover, and carried away to Augsburg in the night, still it was not probable that she should again be guilty of such indiscretion as that. The lesson had not been in vain. If there be any reader who does not know Linda's character better than it was known to Herr Molk, or even to Tetchen, this story has been told in vain. All alone she started, and all alone she made the entire journey. Long as it was, there was no rest for her on the way. She went by a cheap and slow train, and on she went through the long day and the long night, and on through the long day again. She did not suffer with the cold as she had suffered on that journey to Augsburg, but the weariness of the hours was very great, and the continuation of the motion oppressed her sorely. Then joined to this suffering was the feeling that she was going to a strange world in which no one would receive her kindly. She had money to take her to Cologne, but she would have none to bring her back again. It seemed to her as she went that there could be no prospect to her of returning to a home which she had disgraced so thoroughly.

At Mannheim she found that she was obliged to wait over four hours before the boat started. She quitted the railway a little after midnight, and she was told that she was to be on board before five in the morning. The night was piercing cold, though never so cold as had been that other night; and she was dismayed at the thought of wandering about in that desolate town. Some one, however, had compassion on her, and she was taken to a small inn, in which she rested on a bed without removing her clothes. When she rose in the morning, she walked

down to the boat without a word of complaint, but she found that her limbs were hardly able to carry her. An idea came across her mind that if the people saw that she was ill they would not take her upon the boat. She crawled on, and took her place among the poorer passengers before the funnels. For a considerable time no one noticed her, as she sat shivering in the cold morning air on a damp bench. At last a market-woman going down to Mayence asked her a question. Was she ill? Before they had reached Mayence she had told her whole story to the market-woman. "May God temper the wind for thee, my shorn lamb!" said the market-woman to Linda, as she left her; "for it seems that thou hast been shorn very close." By this time, with the assistance of the woman, she had found a place below in which she could lie down, and there she remained till she learned that the boat had reached Cologne. Some one in authority on board the vessel had been told that she was ill; and as they had reached Cologne also at night, she was allowed to remain on board till the next morning. With the early dawn she was astir, and the full daylight of the March morning was hardly perfect in the heavens when she found herself standing before the door of a house in the city, to which she had been brought as being the residence of her uncle.

She was now, in truth, so weak and ill that she could hardly stand. Her clothes had not been off her back since she left Nuremberg, nor had she come prepared with any change of raiment. A woman more wretched, more disconsolate, on whose shoulders the troubles of this world lay heavier, never stood at an honest man's door to beg admittance. If only she might have died as she crawled through the streets!

But there she was, and she must make some petition that the door might be opened for her. She had come all the way from Nuremberg to this spot, thinking it possible that in this spot alone she might receive succour; and now she stood there, fearing to raise the knocker on the door. She was a lamb indeed, whose fleece had been shorn very close; and the shearing had been done all in the sacred name of religion! It had been thought necessary that the vile desires of her human heart should be crushed within her bosom, and the crushing had brought her to this. She looked up in her desolation at the front of the house. It was a white, large house, as belonging to a moderately prosperous citizen, with two windows on each side of the door, and five above, and then others again above them. But there

seemed to be no motion within it, nor was there any one stirring along the street. Would it not be better, she thought, that she should sit for a while and wait upon the door-step? Who has not known that frame of mind in which any postponement of the thing dreaded is acceptable?

But Linda's power of postponement was very short. She had hardly sunk on to the step, when the door was opened, and the necessity for explaining herself came upon her. Slowly and with pain she dragged herself on to her feet, and told the suspicious servant, who stood filling the aperture of the doorway, that her name was Linda Tressel, and that she had come from Nuremberg. She had come from the house of Madame Staubach at Nuremberg. Would the servant be kind enough to tell Herr Grüner that Linda Tressel, from Madame Staubach's house in Nuremberg, was at his door? She claimed no kindred then, feeling that the woman might take such claim as a disgrace to her master. When she was asked to call again later, she looked piteously into the woman's face, and said that she feared she was too ill to walk away.

Before the morning was over she was in bed, and her uncle's wife was at her bedside, and there had been fair-haired cousins in her room, creeping in to gaze at her with their soft blue eyes, touching her with their young soft hands, and calling her Cousin Linda with their soft voices. It seemed to her that she could have died happily, so happily, then, if only they might have been allowed to stand round her bed, and still to whisper and still to touch her. But they had been told that they might only just see their new cousin and then depart, — because the new cousin was ill. The servant at the front door had doubted her, as it is the duty of servants to doubt in such cases; but her uncle had not doubted, and her uncle's wife, when she heard the story, wept over her, and told her that she should be at rest.

Linda told her story from the first to the last. She told everything, — her hatred for the one man, her love for the other; her journey to Augsburg. "Ah, dear, dear, dear," said aunt Grüner when this was told to her. "I know how wicked I have been," said Linda, sorrowing. "I do not say that you have been wicked, my dear, but you have been unfortunate," said aunt Grüner. And then Linda went on to tell her, as the day so much dreaded by her drew nearer and nearer, as she came to be aware that, let her make what effort she would, she could not bring herself to be the man's wife, — that the horror of, it was too powerful for

her, — she resolved at the last moment that she would seek the only other relative in the world of whom she knew even the name. Her aunt Grüner thoroughly commended her for this, saying, however, that it would have been much better that she should have made the journey at some period earlier in her troubles. "Aunt Charlotte does not seem to be a very nice sort of woman to live with," said aunt Grüner. Then Linda, with what strength she could, took Madame Staubach's part. "She always thought that she was doing right," said Linda, solemnly. "Ah, that comes of her religion," said aunt Grüner. "We think differently, my dear. Thank God, we have got somebody to tell us what we ought to do and what we ought not to do." Linda was not strong enough to argue the question, or to remind her aunt that this somebody, too, might possibly be wrong.

Linda Tressel was now happier than she had remembered herself to have been since she was a child, though ill, so that the doctor who came to visit her could only shake his head and speak in whispers to aunt Grüner. Linda herself, perceiving how it was with the doctor, — knowing that there were whispers though she did not hear them, and shakings of the head though she did not see them, — told her aunt with a smile that she was contented to die. Her utmost hope, the extent of her wishes, had been to escape from the extremity of misery to which she had been doomed. She had thought often, she said, as she had been making that journey, that her strength would not serve her to reach the house of her relative. "God," she said, "had been very good to her, and she was now contented to go."

Madame Staubach arrived at Cologne four days after her niece, and was also welcomed at her brother's house. But the welcome accorded to her was not that which had been given to Linda. "She has been driven very nearly to death's door among you," said the one aunt to the other. To Linda Madame Staubach was willing to own that she had been wrong, but she could make no such acknowledgment to the wife of her half-brother, — to a benighted Papist. "I have endeavoured to do my duty by my niece," said Madame Staubach, "asking the Lord daily to show me the way." "Pshaw!" said the other woman. "Your always asking the way, and never knowing it, will end in her death. She will have been murdered by your prayers." This was very terrible, but for Linda's sake it was borne.

There was nothing of reproach either from Linda to her aunt or from Madame Stau-

bach to her niece, nor was the name of Peter Steinmarc mentioned between them for many days. It was, indeed, mentioned but once again by poor Linda Tressel. For some weeks, for nearly a month, they all remained in the house of Herr Grüner, and then Linda was removed to apartments in Cologne, in which all her earthly troubles were brought to a close. She never saw Nuremberg again, or Tetchen, who had been faithful at least to her, nor did she ever even ask the fate of Ludovic Valcarm. His name Madame Staubach never dared to mention; and Linda was silent, thinking always that it was a name of offence. But when she had been told that she must die, — that her days were indeed numbered, and that no return to Nuremberg was possible for her, — she did speak a word of Peter Steinmarc. "Tell him, aunt Charlotte, from me," she said, "that I prayed for him when I was dying, and that I forgave him. You know, aunt Charlotte, it was impossible that I should marry him. A woman must not marry a man whom she does not love." Madame Staubach did not venture to say a word in her own justification. She did not dare even to recur to the old tenets of her fierce religion, while Linda still lived. She was cowed, and contented herself with the offices of a nurse by the sickbed of the dying girl. She had been told by her sister-in-law that she had murdered her niece. Who can

say what were the accusations brought against her by the fury of her own conscience?

Every day the fair-haired cousins came to Linda's bedside, and whispered to her with their soft voices, and looked at her with their soft eyes, and touched her with their soft hands. Linda would kiss their plump arms and lean her head against them, and would find a very paradise of happiness in this late revelation of human love. As she lay a-dying she must have known that the world had been very hard to her, and that her aunt's teaching had indeed crushed her, — body as well as spirit. But she made no complaint; and at last, when the full summer had come, she died at Cologne in Madame Staubach's arms.

During those four months at Cologne the zeal of Madame Staubach's religion had been quenched, and she had been unable to use her fanaticism, even towards herself. But when she was alone in the world the fury of her creed returned. "With faith you shall move a mountain," she would say, "but without faith you cannot live." She could never trust her own faith, for the mountain would not be moved.

A small tombstone in the Protestant burying-ground at Cologne tells that Linda Tressel, of Nuremberg, died in that city on the 20th of July 1863, and that she was buried in that spot.

#### A SMILE AND A SIGH.

A SMILE because the nights are short!

And every morning brings such pleasure  
Of sweet love-making, harmless sport:  
Love, that makes and finds its treasure;  
Love, treasure without measure.

A sigh because the days are long!

Long long these days that pass in sigh-  
ing,

A burden saddens every song:

While time lags who should be flying,  
We live who would be dying.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

— Macmillan's Magazine.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE TRIAL.

Not only the letter came, but the Admiral himself brought it, and at this point nothing could be clearer than the defence. Martin Prévost's letter to Raoul was dated the 13th of October, the day before his death, and ran thus;—

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"I have well considered your request, and I have decided to grant it. Here are the two thousand francs for which you seem to have such pressing need. You most likely exaggerate the use they will be of to you; if not, I shall be glad to have helped you, and if they do serve you, and you repay me, you will have taught me that a kindness is not always thrown away. Hitherto I have found that it did no good whatever, either to the doer or the receiver.

"Yours truly,

"MARTIN PRÉVOST."

The Juge d'Instruction was so vexed that he tried several means of neutralising the effect of this document;—suggested that it might be forged! but its authenticity was immediately proved. Then he flatly declared that it did not diminish the probability of the prisoner's guilt, for that he might, having received these two thousand francs, have murdered old Prévost in order to obtain more.

Raoul had been forced to avow a part of the real truth, and to admit that this sum of two thousand francs was given to M. Léon Duprez that he might speculate with it! This was tortured into a heavy charge against him, and he was denounced as one of those adventurers of our age, who will "do anything to get money!"

Raoul now confessed that when the sum confided to Léon Duprez was lost, his position became—to himself—intolerable, for he was no longer indebted to a man who, remembering the service rendered to his own mother by Madame de Morville, requited it voluntarily by a service to the latter's son; he stood indebted to Monsieur Richard Prévost, a man he scarcely knew, and had no particular reason to like, and he could not even reveal the circumstance of the debt owing to the uncle. "I had but one thing for ever before my eyes," said Raoul; "the necessity for saving every sou of my salary, in order one day to be able to relate the facts to Monsieur Richard while returning him his money." In order to do this he had deprived himself of the very

necessaries of life, and this was his simple reason for taking at night a fourteen miles' walk across the country instead of paying the three francs to the diligence from the station.

Not only did the magistrate refuse to admit this explanation, but it was evident that the avowals of pecuniary embarrassment to which,—however humiliating they were,—Raoul was obliged to have recourse, prejudiced his examiners still more against him. He was, by his own showing, extremely poor, therefore, argued the French judicial mind, capable of anything! It would take a vast deal now to make out his innocence. The Admiral,—who discovered his nephew's real position in all its details for the first time,—behaved admirably, and assured Richard Prévost that the money owing to his uncle should be refunded in a week, the time to write to Paris and go through the formalities of getting the sum cashed through the Post Office. This did something, but still other circumstances were not got rid of; and one fresh circumstance had occurred which looked very ugly indeed for Monsieur de Morville.

It was proved by two or three witnesses that the letter R was written over and over by the Breton between, or by the side of the P's and M's. They were great big capital letters. They were existent on the 25th of April,—the day of the St. Marc,—and they were non-existent on the morning of the 27th, when the Maire went up to la Chapelle à Prosper. Now, a dozen persons remembered Raoul's presence at the fête of the 25th, and his being one of the group to whom the son of the Juge de Paix told the story of the "large capital R's," after which the Maire had said he would go up and "see the whole with his own eyes."

But, worse again than this, a farm labourer who was coming across from Jouzy in the middle of the night of the 26th, and who took the short cut by the path leading near Prosper's shed, was surprised by seeing some one rubbing very hard at the board where the Breton's "images" were known to be drawn. He thought it was the bûcheron himself, and went nearer, but it was not him, it was a bourgeois, and he wore a straw hat.

"Was it like the one the prisoner usually wore?" asked the juge.

"Well;"—the witness couldn't say, "but he rather thought it was!" It was bright moonlight, but he only saw the man's back. Witness was in a great hurry, for he was going to see his wife who was in service at D—, and who was ill, and he



had to be back again at Jouzy by seven or eight o'clock in the morning. This again told sadly against Raoul. Evidently the letters meant Prosper and Morel, and Raoul and Morville; the thing was as clear as day, and all further interrogatories now were time wasted, so at least the judge opined; and he made out the committal of both prisoners, who were both despatched to the Central Jail of the Department, situate in the Chef Lieu.

Six weeks passed by, and towards the middle of June the case was to come on. The Chef lieu du Département was a small town, and could scarcely house all the people who flocked to it to be present at the trial. Besides that, a large number of the principal inhabitants of D—— were forced to attend as witnesses. The Vêrancour family, the Curé, Richard Prévost, the doctor, the Maire, in short most of the notables of D—— had to take up their quarters for a few days, at all events, at the assize town.

The acte d'accusation was made out with an unmistakable animus against Raoul, whilst the Breton was treated as a wretched, weak-witted, superstitious tool in the younger man's hands; and after the trial had lasted three days the impression touching Monsieur de Morville's culpability had not been removed. Monsieur le Curé's persuasion of his innocence had never varied from the moment the letter from old Prévost was found sending him the two thousand francs. He scouted all idea of his not being loudly pronounced guiltless, and obliged poor Vêvette to share his belief, and to preserve strength enough to hide her own secret from her father and sister.

It was a lovely June evening, and Félicie and Vêvette were sitting at the open window of their little salon in the hotel of the "Armes de Bretagne," when the doctor came in. "Well," cried Vêvette, eagerly, "to-day's 'audience' seems to have been very favourable! Papa's testimony, he thinks, produced a real effect. What a shame it is to keep on torturing a man in such a way when they know he is innocent, and that he must be acquitted!"

"Doctor," said Félicie, more calmly, "you look uneasy; has anything fresh occurred? The trial lasted long to-day."

"Yes," rejoined the doctor, "something has happened that is unpleasant. The testimony of the man, Colin Mercier, who saw some one rubbing at the black board behind Prosper's chapel, but did not see who it was, might be got over, for Monsieur Raoul had probability on his side when he said that it

would have been a most extraordinary fact that he should be up in the woods at one o'clock in the morning instead of being quietly at home in his bed; but"——

"So then it was at one o'clock in the morning the man was seen rubbing out those great big R's?" interrupted Vêvette, with an accent of contempt.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but that is not all. Raoul's argument was destroyed. For unhappily at eleven o'clock on that very same night Raoul was met by Daniel Leroux, the farrier, coming down the lane from the church at D——, and after exchanging a bon soir with him, Daniel saw him walk on towards the high road and cross it."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Félicie, with a vivacity unusual in her, "Mon Dieu! this is dreadful."

"It is very perplexing," added the doctor thoughtfully, "for this time, you see, he was recognised."

"What did Raoul say to that?" asked Félicie, with anxiety.

"He turned white as a sheet, I am sorry to say, and absolutely refused to answer one other question."

"The case stands thus, then," observed Vêvette, who had neither stirred nor spoken; "at one o'clock on the night of the 26th to the 27th, Raoul is now supposed to have been seen erasing those initial letters which point at him, and at eleven on that night he was positively spoken to on the road. That is a strong case against him," she added slowly, and with a curious intensity of look and tone.

"It is so," rejoined the doctor.

Vêvette seemed absorbed in her reflections. "As he is not guilty," she said after a pause, and as if speaking to herself, "there is a murderer somewhere, — but who is it?"

"Probably old Prosper alone," remarked the doctor, "and all the rest is in his imagination; but the case is a bad one for Monsieur Raoul, for, unluckily, when you come to have to do with justice, innocence and acquittal are not the same thing."

"And Raoul might be condemned?" said Vêvette.

"You take it quietly!" retorted Félicie; "but it is a most horrible thing. And the question is of the life of a man we have known all our lives, — a man of our own class, too!"

"Human life is an awful thing before God, be it whose it may!" murmured Vêvette, and there was a solemnity about her that must have struck her two companions had they not been too busy with their own thoughts.

Vévette sat still and silent till the doctor rose to go, and then she rose too, and left the room. It was twilight now, and the moon was just heaving herself slowly up behind the towers of the cathedral. It was a glorious evening. The next morning was the fourth day of the trial, and at ten o'clock as usual the judges took their seats upon the bench. The court was crowded, as it had been on each day. The windows had to be opened on account of the heat, and a long ray of bright sunlight streamed in, and fell upon the crucifix at the extreme end of the long low hall, and just at the President's back.

The prisoners were brought in, and, accompanied by the gendarmes, took their places on the seats allotted for the accused. The Breton looked as he had done all along, a perfect type of illuminated stupidity, if you can conceive the two things going together. Half of the time he was on his knees, with his bony hands clasped together on his breast, or busy telling a big chaplet of wooden beads, with his wandering eyes glaring out of his gaunt head, casting mute appealing glances at the crucifix. In Raoul there was a great change; a fearful change since the previous day; so said those who had been present at the last audience. He was frightfully pale, and there was an air of stern despair about him that chilled those who gazed.

Just as the President was about to declare the day's sitting open, an usher of the court was observed to put a letter into his hands. The judge read it apparently with great attention, and then, as he seated himself, said; — "In virtue of our discretionary powers we admit Mademoiselle Geneviève de Vêrancour to depose to a fact which bears upon the present so important and so complicated trial. Let her come forward."

At these words Raoul started back as though he had been shot, and leant against the wooden partition which separated the dock from the public. Through the crowd there ran one of those quivering vibrations familiar to all who know the magnetic impulses of crowds, and this was followed by a deathlike stillness, as through the parting waves of the human sea two figures passed, preceded by the usher of the court. It was the silence of awe. Vévette, simply attired in a plain grey stuff gown, with a little white bonnet, and black veil, came forward, leaning upon the arm of the Curé for support.

"Collect yourself, and do not be alarmed," said the President kindly, as the Curé took off the veil from the sweet face of the girl,

who at that moment seemed to have fainted. "Let a chair be brought for the witness."

But she had recovered herself already. "I can stand," she said, in a low but audible tone, and she came one step on, resting her left hand upon the Curé's stout right arm. "I am quite ready."

"Your name, age, and domicile?" asked the President, with an expression which was almost paternal in spite of his august and terrible functions.

"Marie Angélique Anne Geneviève de Vêrancour; seventeen last March; resident at the Château de D——," was the reply, in a low but firm voice.

"You have a deposition to make which Monsieur le Curé de D—— tells us is of great importance to the case under examination; is that so?"

The girl trembled convulsively, made a hurried sign of the cross, and as though, at the last moment, losing all her courage, clasped her hands in agony, and turning to the priest, ejaculated; — "Oh, mon père!"

Raoul dropped upon both knees, buried his head upon his arms crossed upon the bar, and groaned audibly. White, as though every drop of blood had left her, stiff as though she were a corpse risen out of her coffin, Vévette now stood forward, and in a voice, the singularly penetrating tones of which will be remembered to their dying day by all who heard them, she spoke thus: "Monsieur le President, on the night of the 26th to the 27th of April last, at one o'clock after midnight, Monsieur Raoul de Morville was with me in the pavilion of the garden belonging to my father's house, — the pavilion, the entrance to which is through the door in the so-called 'Rampart,' opening into the lane leading to the church. At a little before twelve he first came into the pavilion, where I had been waiting for him since a little past ten. It was a good deal past one when he left. This, I affirm upon oath."

There ran a hushed murmur through the crowd like the whisper of the awakening wind through leafy trees. Every individual ear and eye were strained towards Mademoiselle de Vêrancour, every individual breath was held. "God in heaven bless the girl!" suddenly burst from the lips of the poor Admiral, down whose bronzed cheeks the tears trickled unconsciously. "She is a hero!"

The President imposed silence on the public, and saying it was necessary to resist all emotion, proceeded with his formal interrogatory. When he asked the accused

what he had to say to the statement of the last witness, Raoul raised his head, and cast an involuntary look of such passionate love at Vêvette that it stirred the soul of every man and woman there, and then, lowering his eyes to the ground, "Mademoiselle de Vêrancour," said he, "was my dead sister's friend; we have all been brought up together as brother and sisters; she has wished to save my life; but I cannot admit the truth of her depositions."

But at this Vêvette rose up, lovingly indignant. All shame was gone, and all girlish indecision. The woman was there fighting for her love, and stepping forward to the table in front of the bench, on which were laid the written accusations, she spoke again. "Monsieur le President," she said, in a clear, sweet voice that rang through the court, "I ask permission to make a detailed statement of facts. We shall see whether Monsieur de Morville will deny what I have to assert. It is true we were brought up together as brother and sister; but we grew to be more; and we had sworn to each other to be one day man and wife. Monsieur de Morville's object in life was to earn honourably what would render it possible for him to ask my father for my hand. I did not know of the hopes he had had of a quicker realisation of this wish. I knew that his uncle the Admiral had obtained for him a position in Paris. When the father of Monsieur de Morville fell suddenly ill, and he returned to D—— on leave, I saw at once that he was very unhappy, and I feared — I can't say what; for I had but one fear, lest something should separate us. We had no means of meeting save in secret, and that was extremely difficult. He was to return to Paris in a few days; I was too wretched! I could not bear it! I wrote to him and told him to come to the pavilion in the garden at ten or half-past ten at night, where I would meet him. I was sure every one would be gone to bed by that time, and that I could go out without being perceived. I was in the pavilion before half-past ten, and I waited. I heard every hour and half-hour strike; — half-past nine, then ten, then half-past, then eleven, and then half-past eleven; and then at last he came, and we talked long of all our hopes and fears. It was likely to be our last meeting for we could not say how long; and we were, and we are, all in the whole world to each other! At last one o'clock struck! Everybody knows what a loud deep bell our parish church has. You can hear it miles distant. When I heard that I was frightened, and told him

it was time for him to go. We spoke a few more last words and then we parted, and when I got up the terrace steps and went through the dining-room window, the half-hour after one was striking. Ask Monsieur de Morville if he can deny that!" she added, a smile of absolute triumph curling her fevered lips. "Ask him for the few lines I wrote him. He will have certainly kept them!"

"Accused, what have you to say?" repeated the President.

But Raoul was powerless; crushed by both despair and joy. To have the intensity of poor Vêvette's love for him thus proved, and at the same time to feel that were she his wife the next day it would not, in public esteem, restore the bloom to her honour; this was too much, and coming after so much misery it utterly vanquished him. He had covered his face with his hands, and was sobbing like a child. There were few in the crowd who were not weeping too, at sight of these two poor young lovers, who were trying so hard to see which should sacrifice most to the other.

At last, Monsieur de Morville stood up, and, with quivering features, said, "Monsieur le President! I appeal to you not as a judge, but as a man. I can not answer! You feel that I have nothing to say!"

"Then I have!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Vêrancour, and, turning towards the prisoner —

"Raoul!" she cried, "remember that the worst is told. On your life hangs my life, and my honour can only be retrieved by our love. Raoul, for the love of God, and for my sake, speak, and tell all the truth!"

There was a pause, during which you heard how each man held his breath, and then, with downcast eyes and singular embarrassment, Raoul confirmed all that Vêvette had said.

"When did you receive the witness's letter?" was asked of him.

"About eight o'clock, at the café. I had but just the time to run across the fields to La Morvillière, speak to Brigitte, — my father's old servant, — make her believe I was gone to bed, and then steal out of the house by the back way, and walk back again to D——. It takes a good hour and a quarter to go from D—— to our house, and it was striking eleven when I turned into the lane that skirts the kitchen garden of the Château. I stopped to see that there was no one near, and I heard footsteps. I walked down the lane, and Daniel Leroux, the farrier, passed. He said good-night to me, and I answered his greeting. The last

stroke of eleven was striking then. I immediately went on. Instead of going to the gate that opens into the garden, I went past it, walked right by Leroux, keeping before him till I reached the high road, there I crossed, and went straight into the woods, watching to see him out of sight. He took to the right hand up the road towards his own house, and when I no longer feared to be seen, I came out from the trees, recrossed the road, ran down the lane, opened the gate, and in the pavilion found Vé—Mademoiselle Geneviève waiting. All she has said is true," he concluded in an almost inaudible voice. At this moment Raoul's innocence was the innate conviction of every human being present; but there was still a great deal to be elucidated.

"How did you contrive to get your note given to Monsieur de Morville?" inquired the President.

"I gave it to Mère Jubine's daughter Louison," replied Vévette, blushing deeply.

"At what hour?"

"At about four."

"Did you tell her to deliver it directly?"

"Yes; at once, without any delay."

Louise Jubine, who was amongst the witnesses, and had already deposed to some minor detail, was recalled. She was a very fine looking girl, rather over-dressed for her station.

After the preliminary questions, all of which she answered in confirmation of Vévette's deposition, the President addressed her. "If you received that note at four, with charge to deliver it at once, why did you only give it to the accused at past eight?"

Louison hung her head, grew scarlet, twisted her cap-strings round her fingers, and said she had "rather not reply."

"But you must reply," retorted the Judge, sternly. "You are upon oath, and if you don't answer truly, I will send you to prison."

Louison trembled all over, but when the question was again put she stammered out,—

"Because, before taking it to Monsieur Raoul, I gave it to Monsieur Richard Prévoist." A strange murmur arose from the crowd at this announcement.

"Why did you do this?" inquired the Judge. "Tell the whole truth, girl, or beware of the consequences."

"Because," she answered, with a little less difficulty, "Monsieur Richard had told me, ever since Monsieur Raoul's return from Paris, always to tell him everything that

went on between Monsieur Raoul and the Château, and particularly whatever concerned Monsieur Raoul and Mademoiselle Vévette."

"And you were so intimate with Monsieur Richard that you implicitly obeyed all his commands?" added the Judge.

The girl put her handkerchief to her face, and her reply was inaudible. Monsieur Richard was now called as a witness and sworn in. He looked ghastly. He said the heat and his long-continued state of ill health made him quite faint. The President ordered a chair to be brought for the witness. When the question was put to him WHY he had given to Louise Jubine the directions she had stated, he said he was absolutely ignorant of the whole thing, and that Louison had invented the entire story. And so saying, he attempted to make light of it, and smile, but his lips stuck to his teeth as though they were gummed, and the smile wouldn't come.

All this time the bûcheron had remained immovable, muttering his prayers, telling his beads, and gazing at the crucifix. "Prosper Morel!" said the President, "do you still persist in declaring that Raoul de Morville was not your accomplice?"

"I don't know him!" reiterated the old man, with a gesture of impatience. "I have said so all along."

"Then who was your accomplice?"

"I will not answer that," mumbled the woodcutter. "I murdered my master. Let me go to my doom in peace. Let me go to my expiation!"

"Prosper Morel!" suddenly exclaimed the Curé, in a loud, solemn tone, and the prisoner rose to his feet mechanically, and stood stiff, as a soldier at "attention." "Prosper Morel!" he repeated, "I told you to distrust your own heart, and to beware of revenge; but the truth must out. You must speak, for your silence will cause a second murder to be committed."—The Breton shook and shrunk into himself.—"Prosper Morel! as you hope at your last hour for forgiveness from Him,"—and the priest stretched forth his arm and pointed at the figure of Christ over the tribunal,—"tell the whole truth now! The innocent must be saved. Who was it tempted you to murder Martin Prévoist?"

The old man clutched his beads with a tighter grasp, and as though compelled by a power he dared not resist. "Monsieur Richard!" he said, in a hollow tone, and then took to telling his beads again, as though he were telling them for his very soul.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE SENTENCE.

THE whole situation was altogether changed by the arrest and imprisonment of Richard Prévost, which ensued immediately on Prosper's confession. After the first few preliminary questions had been put to the woodcutter and to his newly-discovered accomplice, the proceedings of that day were suddenly brought to a close, and the trial was suspended for two or three days, while a fresh act of indictment was made out, which placed Monsieur Richard by the side of the other two prisoners, accused of the murder of his uncle, Martin Prévost. During this short lapse of time poor Vévette had other terrible battles to fight; but nothing daunted her now, and she fought all her enemies stoutly, — even her father and sister. As might be supposed, Mademoiselle Félicie's virtuous resentment passed all description, and she was for adopting the most stringent measures. The Vicomte had decreed the immediate removal of his erring child to her convent at Poitiers, in spite of the protests and supplications of the Curé of D ——. The Admiral proposed that a first cousin of his own, an elderly widow lady, inhabiting a country house in the environs of the Chef Lieu, and proverbial for the severity of her morals and piety, should take charge of Mademoiselle de Vrancour till her marriage with Monsieur de Morville. "She shall never marry him," had replied the Vicomte.

When this was repeated to Vévette, she merely sat down and wrote a note to her father, of which she sent a copy to her sister also. It only contained these words; — "You have forced me into rebellion, when all I asked was humbly to implore your pardon. Marry Raoul I will. I would have married him at the foot of the scaffold. If any obstacle be put in the way of this union, and of my possibility of doing my duty and ensuring his happiness, I will proclaim the betrothal of my sister to Richard Prévost in all its details. I am driven to this. I would rather die than do it, but I will not sacrifice Raoul." The answer to this was, that the unnatural and abandoned girl might do what she chose, and go whither she listed; that her father cast her off, and desired never again to hear her name.

Félicie's secret was saved, and the Admiral, accompanied by the Curé, placed Vévette under the care of the Baronne de

Préville, who for the time being promised be to as a mother to her.

The trial was resumed three days after its suspension, and in the corner of the seat devoted to the accused was now seated Monsieur Richard, a miserable object truly; so wizened and shrivelled that twenty years seemed to have passed over him; and as he sat, with his head propped upon a pillow, he perpetually smelt at a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, and seemed for ever trying to persuade himself that, rich as he was, no harm could in the end come to him. His defence of himself was so utterly weak and silly, he so evidently broke down the instant he was seized in the pitiless machinery of legal investigation, that morally his guilt was plain at once, and — said the technical men — "he deprived the case of all its interest from the outset."

Raoul's position was now a totally altered one, and his whole bearing showed it. He knew his innocence was triumphantly proved, and he could afford to feel, if not pity for the two wretched men between whom he stood, at all events awe at what was likely to be the judgment for their crime. The aspect of old Prosper had also undergone a change. All traces of insanity had disappeared, but a terrible war was being waged by the Breton between his gratified revenge and his strong desire not to imperil his immortal soul. Every now and then a glance of tiger-like fierceness shot out from his eyes, and went scorching over his fellow-culprit, to be suddenly atoned for by convulsive mutterings of prayers.

The story told by Prosper Morel was simply this; — His master had, upon the last complaint made against him by the Maire for poaching, discharged him with such exceeding harshness, that he had vowed to be revenged. Besides, he had no earthly means of gaining his bread; and he was frightened past all reasoning by the prospect of dying of hunger in a ditch. Well; his old master gave him a respite, and consented to keep him on "for this once;" but he, Prosper, did not forgive his master, and his fright endured, for he felt he might be sent adrift at any hour. Of this state of his mind "Monsieur Richard," as he always called him, took advantage; and only a very few days after old Prévost had agreed to give the bacheron another trial, the young man tempted him to his fall.

The following was the mode of perpetration of the deed: — On the night of the



13th of October the bûcheron, who was lying in wait in the kitchen garden just beyond the courtyard, was introduced by Richard Prévost into the latter's own room, while Madame Jean was giving his supper to Nicholas down in the kitchen. Nothing could be easier, and concealment was perfect. Monsieur Richard pretexted one of his feverish headaches;—said good-night to his uncle,—who was, as usual, busy with accounts,—and retired to his own room, where he had concealed Prosper.

The only little circumstance that was at all out of the common way was elicited from Madame Jean in her testimony as to what had occurred on that night. Monsieur Richard, she said, invariably slept without a night-light, having on a table by his bed-side a candle and a plentiful supply of lucifer-matches. On the night of the 13th, however, he said he should like a night-lamp, for that the pain in his head was so severe that he might, perhaps, not have strength to strike a light, should he want one during the night. A lamp was accordingly placed on the chimney-piece, and prevented Richard Prévost from being in the dark, all alone with the future murderer of his uncle.

The bûcheron's description of the hours that then elapsed was that he himself had slept a good part of the time, but that, whenever he woke up, he saw Monsieur Richard in his arm-chair, sitting up reading by the light of the little lamp. About five o'clock, he said, the atmosphere grew chilly, and Monsieur Richard shivered very much, and got up and took a bottle from a cupboard, and gave him,—Prosper Morel,—a glass of something to drink, which made him feel reckless of any thing or anybody. It was neither brandy nor rum;—he knew the taste of both; it was a white liquor, very strong, but very bitter. Monsieur Richard then softly opened his door, beckoned Prosper on, and they crossed over the passage to the lumber-room, where, with the implements the Breton had in his pockets, they, without making the least noise, took out the window-pane. That done,—which was the work of a quarter of an hour,—they went back into Monsieur Richard's room, and waited till Madame Jean should have got up and gone out to mass, and Nicholas have set forth on the errand to the post-office which Monsieur Richard knew had been given him overnight. A few minutes before half-past six the house was empty of every one save Martin Prévost. When they heard the house door close on Madame Jean, Monsieur Richard unlocked

his room-door, let out Prosper Morel, and, pointing with his finger to the room upstairs, whispered these words; "Whatever ready money there is in the caisse shall be yours."

"And then I went upstairs and did it," said the old man; "and when all was over I stamped three times on the floor,—as we had agreed I should do;—and Monsieur Richard came up, but he only came to the door. He would not come in. He pointed to a small deal box standing on the drawers. I brought it to him. Then he said I must empty the large open drawer of the caisse, over which 'Monsieur' had been standing when I struck him. I did so. He put, as I have already stated, all the gold and notes and pocket-books into the deal box, and gave it to me, and then, too, he showed me the shoes, and I shut 'Monsieur's' door, and we went downstairs, and I got away." The bûcheron said he supposed Monsieur Richard had gone to bed directly after he had seen him,—Prosper,—safely on the other side of the courtyard.

To all this Richard Prévost opposed only the weakest system of defence, and so utterly miserable was his whole attitude, that upon the face of the eminent barrister appointed to defend him, and lured down from Paris at a moment's notice, and at almost the cost of his own weight in gold, you might read the blankest disappointment, and something nearly akin to disgust. His sagacity, however, quickly told him that on his own client could he rest no hopes of success; but that on the eccentricity of the Breton's character must depend his last chance of obtaining a mitigation of his client's fate. So he endeavoured to prove the absolute madness of the woodcutter, and built the entire system of the defence on the fact of Prosper having been the only murderer, and all the rest being simply hallucination. But this did not now suit the old man's humour: he had been brought to tell the whole story, and now that it was told, he strenuously resisted every attempt to impugn the thorough accuracy of his depositions.

"I was discharged by the Juge d'Instruction as innocent," said he. "I had nothing more to fear. I was free! If the truth, and the fear of God's justice had not driven me to it. I needed never to be where I now am. For the first few weeks after the deed; I did not seem to mind it much,—only I did not like seeing anything that reminded me of 'Monsieur.' I lived up yonder, only coming down into D—to church. But I took to getting sleepless at nights;

and in all my dreams, when I did sleep, I saw my old master, and he pursued me and haunted me. He said he could not get up, and I have sometimes felt him crawling about my feet, and catching hold of them, and asking me to help him to get up. . .

Well, then, the judgment of God came, and on All Souls'-day of last year He put it into Monsieur le Curé's mouth to say the words that were to save my soul. Since then you know all. I have no more to say. I murdered my master, and now, for the love of our dear Lord Jesus, let me go to my doom; let me expiate what I have done, and secure the salvation of my soul!" Beyond this he would not go, but every one felt he had told the truth, and all the rhetoric of the French bar would have been powerless to alter their conviction.

When the presiding Judge put it to the jury whether the three accused were guilty of the murder of Martin Prévost, those twelve wise citizens returned to the box after a five minutes' absence, and their foreman gave as a verdict that, as to the accused De Morville, not so much as a shade of suspicion rested upon him; that, as to the other two, they found Richard Prévost and Prosper Morel guilty of the wilful murder of Martin Prévost, but with "extenuating circumstances!"

Whether these wonderful "circumstances," inseparable, as it would now seem from the verdict delivered upon every difficult case in France, were really attributable to the complications of the trial itself, which passed the understanding of the jury, or to the eloquence of the defendant's counsel, was never known.—That eloquent pleader said the whole was owing to him, and he was paid in proportion.

The sentence was, of course, penal servitude for life.

When the sentence was passed, Richard Prévost had fainted, and had to be carried away apparently lifeless, and the Breton dropped his beads from his hands, and stood transfixed. When the gendarmes touched him and forced him to move, he clasped his hands as if in agony, and went his way between the two guardians of the law, muttering the "De profundis" over and over, with the convulsive ardour of sheer despair.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

#### CONCLUSION.

DURING the few days that the bûcheron remained in prison previous to his removal to his permanent place of detention, he was

quite inconsolable, and inaccessible even to the arguments of the Curé who attended him constantly. His one fixed idea being that the sacrifice of blood was alone valuable, and that by his death alone could he expiate his crime, Prosper regarded himself as doomed to eternal punishment through the unbelief of his judges. The notion that, from sheer impiety, the earthly umpires of his fate had refused to help him to the salvation of his soul, so filled the Breton with rage, that every now and then he gave it vent in the most fiercely gloomy denunciations against all his countrymen in general, but in particular against those of the spot where he had sinned and been sentenced. It was of no use that the Curé sought to persuade him that, by submission, he might expiate his crime; and that the long-enduring silent horrors of penal servitude might be turned to an even better account than death. It was all of no use. Death was his chimera,—his passion,—and he despaired because he had been deprived of it.

The two last days, however, of his stay in prison he had become more calm, had quietly partaken of his prison fare; and, when told that four-and-twenty hours later he would be "translated" to his final destination, he had asked pardon of his jailer for all the trouble he had given him. When his cell was opened the next morning he was found dead. He had hung himself.

The means by which he achieved his end were easy. Dressing himself in his upper clothing, he had taken off his shirt and twisted it into a thick rope. He had contrived to draw his bed under the kind of square loop-hole which served him as a window, and heaping table and chair upon the bed, had been able to reach to the iron bars, round which he managed to knot his newly-invented cord. The rest was not difficult. It merely required the overthrow of the chair and table. Both were found upon the ground. The old man had accomplished his purpose, and had carried out what he believed to be the Law. In his dark superstitious mind the fact of the punishment constituted everything, and in his craving to be redeemed by paying the price of blood, he wholly lost sight of the sin of self-murder.

As to Richard Prévost, it was impossible to execute his sentence, for he never left his bed again, and lingered two months in the jail-infirmiry. He shrunk from the Curé of D—, but longed for doctors, for he fancied they could make him live;

and he loved life so dearly ! It was all one that life was to be infamy. It was life ! — That it was to be poverty, labour, silence, solitude, — no matter ; it was to be life ! — To go on breathing, feeding, sleeping, and waiting for the next day ! Dr. Javal came from Cholet, and examined him, and said there was no need for him to die ; and Richard caught at this, and would have kissed Dr. Javal's hands ; and the old doctor from D——, with a queer sort of expression on his face, observed, that there might be no need for him to die, but that the great difficulty was that, somehow or other, he couldn't live. "People will die sometimes," said he, "although we think they ought to remain alive." After passing through a species of typhus-fever, and jaundice, and then a low fever that resembled ague, Richard Prévost was obliged to hear that he had not many days to live, and that he had better wind up his accounts with the other world. This announcement terrified him less than had been supposed, for his strength was so exhausted that the tight grip itself with which he had held life was relaxing, and he would probably let existence go without any very great struggle.

And so it was. When "the time came," he had no longer any power left wherewith to retain what he had ceased to be able to use, or, indeed, to comprehend. He sent to St. Philbert for the Abbé le Roy, and confessed to him. The strong piety, the robust faith of the Curé of D—— were too much for him ; he dreaded them, and foresaw comfort in the small practices and small prayers, in the medals, beads, and images of the narrow-minded priest of St. Philbert. He wanted some one to hush-up his conscience and tell him "not to be afraid ;" and this he got. The Abbé le Roy, indeed, called his end an edifying one ; and, from the way in which he spoke of it, very nearly ran the risk of inspiring naughty boys with the notion that crime was a fine thing if it necessarily brought about such sweet humility in the departing criminal. Richard Prévost confessed. Yes, confessed everything ! and did not seem to find any particular hardship therein.

When all was told, of course the Abbé le Roy impressed upon his penitent the necessity of making public whatever was not of a private nature in his confession ; so that, while the name of Félicie was never guessed at by a living creature, the details of the crime Richard had instigated were fully revealed. Every word the Breton had spoken was strictly true. Richard Prévost had tempted him to murder the old man, and the

murder was committed precisely as Prosper Morel had stated. The one thing alone about which Richard really did seem to care was Raoul de Morville's forgiveness, which, of course, was generously granted. He said he could not withstand what the circumstances of Raoul's letter prompted him to do ; and once that letter in the hands of the Juge d'Instruction, things took their own course, and Richard Prévost believed himself safe.

He had heard with terror of the "capital R's" drawn by Prosper amongst his other figures, and resolved to invent some means of destroying them ; — for he thought they indicated an intention on Prosper's part to accuse him. He had naturally kept watch on Raoul, — and enlisted Louison for that purpose into his service ; — for he never knew what might occur ; and when he read Vévette's note to the latter, he, — Richard, — felt certain that there must be two or three hours in the night for the employment of which Raoul could never account. By this he profited ; stole out of his own house by the back way, went up to the bûcheron's shed, found him asleep, effaced all trace of the fatal letters, and believed no one had seen him ; but persuaded himself that, had any one done so, it would be easy to turn suspicion towards Monsieur de Morville.

When Richard Prévost had ended his terrible confession, the Abbé le Roy began to indulge in descriptions of the various and irresistible forms which "the demon" takes in order to lead men astray ; and by sheer force of habit, he warned his penitent, as if there were any further opportunities of transgression lying before him. Above all, he was hard upon Satan, for having assumed the shape of the unwitting, and so pious, and well brought up Mademoiselle Félicie ! "It is always thus !" said he ; "it is by that most unholy, most abominable of all passions, love, that the demon plots the fall of men. If you had not been driven to madness by your unhappy uncle's refusal to allow you to aspire to the object of your choice, you would never" —

The dying man stopped him. "Pardon, mon père," he whispered, laying his cold clammy fingers on the priest's arm, "I am innocent there ; — quite innocent ; it was not for Mademoiselle Félicie ; I could have done without her ! but I saw that my uncle might live a long time, and that I might die before he did even ; that, at best, I should probably be long past my youth when I got his money ; and that seemed to me so very, very sad, so unjust, that it became unbearable ; and I was tempted, as I have told you. Indeed, that is the truth, the entire truth. Not

Mademoiselle Félicie! no, no! I really could have done without her!" And that was the truth, and the Abbé le Roy was glad that it was so.

And so the cause of sin was not love, but greed. Impatience! impatience to enjoy!

One person, — the only one from whom no secret could be kept, — fully confirmed Richard Prévost's statement, and that person was Madame Jean. "Seigneur Jésus!" said she, when the priest of St. Philbert talked with her over her deceased young master. "I should never have suspected Monsieur Richard of loving any one. I won't swear that he was capable of becoming a saint for money, but I would have sworn that he was incapable of committing a crime for love!" Now Madame Jean herself did, four weeks after Richard Prévost's demise, marry the Brigadier de Gendarm-erie, and she gave as a reason that, "you couldn't tell whom to trust!" which enigmatical sentence was interrupted by the evil-minded into meaning that Madame Jean was afraid, if she did not marry the gendarme, of being murdered by him in order that he might steal her money.

As to Mademoiselle Félicie, her situation became promptly a satisfactory one, — which was gratifying, considering what a practical, right-thinking, meritorious young person she was, with so well-regulated a mind! "All in such perfect equilibrium," said the public. She went, immediately after the trial, to stay at Tours, with the worldly-minded relative who had been in the habit of sending her and her sister Paris newspapers. There she completely enslaved a stout, good-looking, middle-aged colonel, almost as well-born as he was intellectually common-place, and possessed of fortune sufficient to render the post of mistress of his house an agreeable one. With him Félicie de Vénancour contracted a marriage which was a model for all proper and sensible marriages between well-born people. No hint of her so nearly becoming Madame de Châteaubréville with the thousands a year of the then unsuspected criminal to spend, and for which, had the position been achieved, the whole department would have courted her; — no hint of this will ever, believe me, get abroad. Félicie will always, as she does now, go into that society which deems itself the best, and in it she will continue to be esteemed and honoured, being at the same time only just enough pitied, to prevent her being envied, for her close connection with that blameable young woman her sister, whom, to the end of time,

Félicie will with a shudder of mourning virtue style that "unfortunate creature!"

And what of Vévette? No opposition of any kind being offered by the Vicomte, the necessary formalities were accomplished, and Raoul and Vévette became man and wife, the ceremony being performed by the Curé of D—, and the Admiral being the chief witness. The Curé made them no discourse upon the occasion, he only blessed them from the depths of his very heart, and solemnly told them to be all in all to each other.

The Admiral immediately offered a home to Raoul and his wife, until he could find some employment for the former. They all proceeded to Paris, taking with them Monsieur de Morville the elder, whose unconscious state saved him from all the miseries which had fallen on those nearest to him. The Admiral's means were not large, but he was respected, and had influence. He soon obtained for his nephew the post of vice-consul in one of the Spanish Republics of South America. It was an unhealthy place, where no man of any value would go, but where, if he could contrive to preserve life, fortune might be honestly made by a clever enterprising man. Of course Raoul accepted, and so did Vévette, and they went forth together hand in hand, serene and grave, trustful in Providence, and convinced that total unselfishness alone, and passionate devotion to another, can sweeten the solemnity of life.

In the world they left behind them, both were severely judged. After the first emotion was over, the public unanimously condemned poor Vévette, and the masculine part of the community were angrily taken to task by all their female relatives if they allowed an expression of interest or compassion for her to escape them. "What an example for Julie or Marie, or Catherine or Louise!" That was the argument used, and it never failed of its effect; and the brow-beaten male, whenever it was applied to him, hung his head and felt small; and so poor Vévette came to be regarded everywhere as a black, black sheep, and in one heart only, in that of the Curé of D—, will she for ever remain a "ewe lamb."

If in ten or fifteen years Monsieur and Madame de Morville, — as is very possible, — return from their tropical exile wealthy, and with the renown of excellent services attaching to Raoul's name, they will be what is termed "well received," and perform the irksome function which is described as "going everywhere," but

"Society" will be on its guard against any intimate adoption of them; and the institution called in France *La Famille* will regard them as a menace, for Pater and Mater-familias will cordially unite in holding up their hands at sight of this erring couple, who, not content with loving, went and married for love.

That is the real crime; the mere love is to be got over. Here and there a broken heart — voilà tout! Not much harm therein; but to go marrying for love; — oh! no!

"What would become of us all," would cry Society in France, "if the matrimonial association were once to be established on the all-for-love principle!"

#### THE SLEEPING BLOODHOUND.

"SLEEPING!" — Yes, but the sleep of death! Never again will thy terrible breath

Waken the forest when night is still:  
Never again, on his perilous way,  
Shall the breathless fugitive hear thy bay,  
Echoing hoarse over mountain and hill!

Quiet the limbs once so fleet and so strong,  
To bear thee the rough mountain pathways  
along;

Dull are the eyes once so watchful and bright.  
Vainly now striveth the bugle's shrill blast  
To rouse thy deep voice, as in days that are  
past —

Hushed thy heart's beating; and ended thy  
might.

Ay! sleep now, and rest, for thy work is all  
done —  
The quarry is tracked, and the long race is  
run —

The woods for the last time have rung with  
thy cry.

Oh, faithful and brave one! Oh, trusty and  
bold!

At my feet thou art lying, so stiff and so cold —  
Thou heeds't not his voice, though thy master  
is nigh!

I must e'en say, Farewell — it is useless to  
sorrow;

When evening falls grey, I shall miss thee to-  
morrow,

And vainly may call thee when morning  
breaks bright.

Ah! thus, one by one, all the things that we  
cherish

'Neath Time's ruthless hand fall too surely, and  
perish!

My dog — dear, dead Moro — for ever Good  
night.

— *St James's Magazine.*



From Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE AMERICAN LECTURE-SYSTEM.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, OF  
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, U.S.

ACROSS the prairies of the American continent, five hundred miles west of the Missouri river, and about midway between the Atlantic and Pacific shores, there moves westward into the wilderness a railway construction-train of eighty vans. There is no house within a hundred miles, nor sign of human existence save that connected with the new railway itself. Far to right and left, among distant mountains, are fifteen hundred wood-choppers; far in advance are two thousand men, grading the track; behind them follows a smaller force, laying the wooden sleepers. In the rear of this last army the construction-train halts; a truck, drawn by two horses, takes on a load of rails with the necessary chairs and spikes, then the horses set off at a gallop. They stop where ten men are stationed, five on each side, opposite the last pair of rails yet laid. The truck has a pair of rollers, two men on the right seize a rail and throw it on the roller, three others run it out to the proper distance, while the group on the left are similarly employed. With a single swing, the end of each rail is forced into the chair already laid. The chief of the squad shouts "Down!" when the second chair is at once set, and the next rail grasped. Twice in every minute there comes from each side the line that cry of "Down!" It is the measured footstep of advancing civilization. With each day's sunset more than two additional miles of this habitable globe have been permanently girdled and possessed by man. These iron rails once laid, all else follows — all the signs and appliances of American social order: the farm, the workshop, the village, the church, the school-house, the *New York Tribune*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and — the popular Lecture-system.

The village once established, the railway becomes its tributary; bears its products to the market, brings it means of comfort and of culture. Soon there must be imported some apparatus for social recreation, a juggler — a travelling "circus," a band of "Ethiopian Minstrels" with "banjo" and "bones." But this is not enough. Gradually the New England element, which is apt to be the organizing and shaping force in a north-western town, calls loudly for some direct intellectual stimulus. It must see the men of note, must have some contact with the more cultivated Eastern mind. "Eu-

rope," says Emerson, "stretches to the Alleghanies." From beyond the Alleghanies, then, must intellectual delights be sought. Let us have the orator, the philosopher, the poet; but as we cannot go to him, he must come to us.

Yet at first the soil is rather unprepared for intellectual culture, pure and simple; it must be administered in combination with something else for a time. Youth and levity crave a dance, for instance; the dance is conceded; but since many of the guests must ride twenty miles for their pleasure, it will be an obvious economy to appoint the lecture for the same evening, permitting one admittance-fee to serve for both. "Tickets to Emerson and ball, one dollar." There is no end to these combinations in the earlier stages of intellectual colonization. There lies before me a handbill, printed last winter in a village of Indiana, wherein Mr. J. Jackson offers to read Hamlet for twenty-five cents, ladies free. He modestly adds that "after the reading he will develop a plan for the formation of a company, with a small capital, for the manufacture of silk handkerchiefs of a quality superior to anything in the market, and will relate some incidents of his early life in connexion with this particular article." Thus Mr. J. Jackson artfully allures his audience to tears, and then staunches their griefs with his own pocket-handkerchiefs.

These are the germs of the Lecture-system. After a time these crude beginnings are matured and systematized, and arrangements are made for a separate course of lectures, which may at the utmost include a concert or two, and perhaps a dramatic reading — pocket-handkerchiefs not included. A public meeting is perhaps called; some simple organization is effected, perhaps in connexion with some local charity which may share the profits of the enterprise, while provision is made against any deficit by the subscriptions of a few energetic men. Officers are appointed — usually a Lecture-committee — to select the speakers, a Secretary to invite them, a Treasurer to pay them, and a President to introduce them to the audience. The lecture then becomes the weekly excitement of the place; all local appointments make way for it, and it attracts people from long distances. That is if they be of New England birth; for the popular lecture cannot exist below a certain parallel of latitude, while foreign immigrants are apt to avoid it — or to taste of it, as they do of any other national dish, with courtesy, but not with relish.

A winter's course of lectures may vary

from a half-dozen to a score. At first, each local organization acts on its own responsibility. Soon it is found practicable for a few adjacent towns to co-operate in their plans, thus offering to their favorite lecturers a series of engagements on the same line of travel. Carrying this method yet farther, there has grown up an extensive organization of "Western Literary Societies," whose range extends from Pittsburg in Pennsylvania to Lawrence in Kansas. The agent of this association, Mr. G. L. Torbert, of Dubuque, Iowa, has, during the past winter, negotiated between thirty-five lecturers and one hundred and ten societies, arranging for each society a tolerably regular course of lectures, and for each orator a continuous series of engagements, longer or shorter. In the autumn he issued his list of speakers, with their respective subjects and prices, leaving each society to make its selection from the list. The lecturer has no trouble about the matter after he has once inspired the Western public with an appetite for his services. He states his demands, the agent does all the rest; and the happy itinerant leaves home with a printed circular in his pocket, assigning his dozen or his hundred engagements, as the case may be. Perhaps he has never heard the names of many of the towns where he is to find his audiences; no matter, he is sure that they will all be there, posted a day's journey apart, along his designated route. Arriving at each town, he will surely find his committee-man awaiting him, and each will recognise the other by that freemasonry of the eye which brings host and guest together. So smoothly, in short, does the great machine revolve that there is no likelihood of interruption, unless from some great snowstorm blockading twenty lecturers on as many railways, and thus disappointing a score of audiences. For an appointment once missed can by no means be taken up again; the traveller must hasten on for the next.

It is an exciting life, thus to find one's self moving to and fro, a living shuttle, to weave together this new web of national civilization. Were the audiences never so dull, the lecturer's task would have interest in view of its results. But the audiences are rarely dull, and it is usually worth the labour that it costs him to meet them face to face. True, he must spend night after night in "sleeping-cars," taking such slumber as he may while his rocking cradle is whirled on. He rises at dawn, perhaps, for some comfortless change of conveyance, or some shivering wayside breakfast. He

dozes half the day, and in his waking hours risks his eyes over newspapers, or his temper over politics. He arrives hungry at his place of destination, and must perhaps hasten at once, having reached the lowest ebb of human forlornness, to his lecture-room. But there the scene changes. With the glare of the gas lamps there comes a sudden stimulus, such as the footlights give to the jaded actor. The lighted hall looks familiar, the faces appear well known; it seems to be the same friendly audience that has travelled with him from the Atlantic shore. At any rate, these men and women will laugh where their predecessors laughed, applaud where they applauded. It may seem hard to throw new life into an opening paragraph that has done daily duty at precisely that hour for the four weeks previous, but it can be done. Animation comes back, a new allusion occurs, a fresh image; the lecture is trite, to be sure, but surely a poor wanderer may be forgiven for a few vain repetitions, if his object be that his children may repeat their daily bread. So he contends bravely for his one glorious hour against an atmosphere of too crowded life and the inertness of an asphyxiated audience.

Closing with such climax of eloquence as heaven may send, he retires meekly to his seat, and accepts with due modesty the guarded compliments of the presiding officer. In return, the lecturer praises the intelligence of that particular audience and the convenient architecture of the Town Hall; and then, descending from the platform, he shakes hands with the Committee of Arrangements and the Board of Selectmen. All now is peaceful, and he retires with a sense of conscious virtue to his hotel, or is perhaps received as a guest in some little Western home, a bit of transplanted New England, where he finds Longfellow's "Dante" on the table, and Millais's "Huguenot" on the walls. There he finds himself overwhelmed with kindnesses, for which no return is asked save the last item of gossip from the cities, and then his spirits rise with this easy popularity, and he thinks lecturing a delightful career.

The next morning, too, when the drive to the railway seems pleasant in the frosty air, and he whirls away, a hundred dollars richer, to fresh fields and pastures new, the life he leads seems yet attractive. It is only as the day goes on, and his jaded spirits droop steadily from the morning excitement to the noon collapse, that he again settles into a proper sense of his for-

lorn condition. Then savage fancies begin to haunt his breast, and he likens himself to that fabled piece of comfortless ornithology, the huma, which hovers unceasingly and never alights. It is a symbol so suitable to his hapless profession that Dr. Holmes, in the "Autocrat," confesses to having employed it on two successive lecturing tours to the same kind hostess at the same tea table.

But tea table and kind hostess belong not always to the lecturer. More often he encounters the stern hardships of American hotel life. In the large cities he may often obtain sumptuous fare at corresponding prices, but the village inn of English traditions has no existence in America, and in its place are sorrow, privation, and weariness of the flesh. The lecturer goes forth boldly on his first trip, assuring the wife of his bosom that she need not fear for him, since he can subsist on the simplest fare. He sends back words of lofty cheer from the first stopping place, while he explores the savoury luncheon, packed by her fair hands in its basket. Too late he learns that the simplest fare is the one thing that neither love nor money can commonly procure him, after the basket is once empty; and he finds to his cost that digestive organs which have been trained to simplicity are precisely those most endangered by lard and fried pork. Worst of all, the lecturer's nervous system is a part of his stock-in-trade, and upon his material food and drink depends the intellectual pabulum of his audience. He has encountered an obstacle which can only be conquered by reforming the dietetic habits of a nation. Dickens' tale of "Mugby Junction" had but a moderate success in America, and I fancy that it was because it portrayed a condition of culinary things so superior to the average on our own railways, that we could never quite understand his complaint.

So seriously is this great evil brought home to the lecturer's daily life, that he sometimes feels moved to begin at the foundations, and discourse on the cookery-book. This present writer, when young and inexperienced, did thus essay to break a feeble lance against American pie. How little knows any foreigner, when he hears the name of this dish, that though to him it has been a mere luxury of the dessert, it is in this republic one of the great ruling forces. Cotton is dethroned, slavery is fallen, but pie is still king. Pie rules the court, the camp, the grove, and, of course, the railway station. I have known a farmer's wife

to say soberly that she had given up making bread, because her children preferred pie. Accordingly, on one occasion, this modest lecturer protested against this excess of indulgence. He spoke especially of the accustomed mince pie of America, which he justly described as consisting of something white and indigestible at the top, and something moist and indigestible at bottom, with untold horrors in the middle. Returning homeward by rail next morning, he found his lecture under discussion by two passengers. A respectable dame had asked another if she had heard it.

"No," she answered, "I didn't. But Miss Jones she come home that night, and she flung her hood right down on the table, and says she—'There,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, I'm never goin' to have another o' them mince pies in the house just as long as I live,' says she. 'There was Sammy,' says she, 'he was sick all last night, and I do believe it was nothin' in all the world but just them mince pies,' says she."

"Well," said the other lady, a slow, deliberate personage, "I do suppose that them kind of concomitants ain't good things."

Here the conversation closed, but Sam Weller did not feel more-gratified, when he heard the Bath footmen call a boiled leg of mutton a "swarry," and wondered what they would call a roast one, than I when my poor stock of phrases was reinforced by this unexpected polysyllable.

This is a sample of the racy personal criticisms which may await the lecturer. Passing usually unrecognised in his travelling dress, he may be asked to describe his own appearance, may be advised to attend his own lecture, or else dissuaded from it, may assist in the dissection of his own mental traits, or officiate at the funeral of his own reputation. Each professional tour may thus replenish his stock of anecdotes for the next. A well-known lecturer was lately ascending the steps of some great hotel, he being in very travel-stained condition, and bearing his valise in his hand. A red-faced, over-dressed lady paused in her descent to accost him. "Pray," said she, "are you the porter?" "No, madam," he courteously responded, "are you the chambermaid?"

Sometimes, to be sure, he may discover that there is some quite different basis for the popular zeal which he at first claimed as personal to himself. I remember that once, when travelling on a small branch railway to fulfil an engagement, I heard on the way a good deal of talk about that

evening's lecture. Conductors, brakemen, and passengers were all comparing notes about it, and all seemed to agree that nothing should prevent them from being present. I could not quite make out their special point of sympathy, but sat in pleasing meditation on the intelligence of this particular region. By the time we drew near the terminus, the conductor had his eye on me as the only stranger and the probable orator. When he accosted me, and I owned the fact, he burst eagerly into conversation. "You are probably not aware," he said with dignity, "that the President of the Lecture-association, who should introduce you to-night, is absent from the village, and that you will be introduced by the Vice-President, who is engineer of this very train." Here was the elucidation! All this intellectual interest was but *esprit du corps*. When the time came, the engineer introduced me, very quietly and properly; in his evening dress, he would have passed for a robust geological professor. I found him a most intelligent man, and a reader of Emerson; and he took me home on his locomotive the next morning.

I have dwelt chiefly on the recent expansion of the American Lecture-system in the Western States, because it is there most thoroughly organized, and takes its most characteristic forms. In the maturer civilization of the Eastern States it is more mingled with other intellectual influences, and it also needs less of centralized organization. Lecturers are more accessible, and can make their own arrangements. An effort is now being made, however, by the "American Literary Bureau" at New York, to introduce into the Eastern circuit something of the method which prevails at the West. Its superintendent, Mr. James K. Medbery, has made engagements for nearly thirty lecturers during the past winter, in eight different States of the Union, including a portion of the field covered also by the "Associated Western Literary Societies." There are probably some two hundred such societies west of the Alleghanies, and several times that number in the Atlantic States. More accurate statistics have not yet been obtained.

The stronghold of the system has always been in Massachusetts, where it originated; it has spread thence westward, but not far southward; it has never taken much hold in New York city, for instance, nor in the Middle States generally, while in the Slave States it never gained a footing at

all. It came into existence about forty years ago; and one of its leading founders was our great school reformer, Horace Mann. At first there were no professional lecturers, but each local course was carried on by the lawyers, physicians, and clergymen of the neighbourhood. As certain lecturers became more popular, they extended their range, and were paid a fee. Fifteen dollars was a large fee at first — ten dollars seemed more reasonable; and it was long before it crept up to twenty-five and fifty. Even now the standard of prices at the East remains far below that prevailing at the West, partly because the lecturers have not so far to go, and partly because there are more competing entertainments, and the community will not, therefore, pay so much.

The introduction of professional lecturers, while strengthening and popularizing the system, has doubtless tended to banish the old style of lectures.

The present aspect of things must be quite unlike the English system of "Mechanics' Institutes," where some eminent professor gives instructions in Geology, or Barnes Newcome discourses to his constituents on the "Poetry of the Domestic Affections." With us, poetry and science have almost left the field. The popular lecture is coming to be a branch of that national institution "the stump." Politics, long excluded by common consent, now threaten to exclude every thing else. The long slavery agitation, and the war for the Union, very properly brought this element in, and it certainly shows no symptoms of going out. The public demands a glimpse of every public man, and especially every prominent reformer; and not that only, but they wish to see him, as if he were an Indian warrior, in his war-paint. Wendell Phillips may be patiently heard for once discoursing discreetly on the "Lost Arts," or on "Street-life in Europe," but the next season he must come in all his terrors, and thenceforward he must bring tomahawk and scalping-knife every time.

Now this tendency has its good results. Great public questions must be discussed, and they can nowhere be discussed so well. There are problems now pressing upon us which political parties sedulously avoid, and for which the Lecture-system gives an opening — as, for instance, the question of suffrage for women, both sides of which are now being ably advocated through this means over the length and breadth of the land. Again, even party questions can thus be handled without the trammels of party.

The popular lecture is the antidote to the caucus. On its free platform, the statesman speaks for himself alone, and commits nobody; he rises as if in committee of the whole, and proceeds without reference to a prospective division. Moreover, an outlet is thus afforded to men who keep aloof from all party ties. I have seen Wendell Phillips received with admiration and delight by audiences of whom not one in a hundred would admit the truth of his assertions—until twelve months after they were uttered.

But with this great good there comes an evil also. What public policy gains by this change of theme, literature and art lose. With the name "Lyceum" is also passing away the "Lyceum lecture." The scholar recedes from sight, and the impassioned orator takes his place. There is no time for Longfellow to analyze "Dante," nor for Lowell to explain *Hamlet*, while Sumner thunders the terrors of the Lord against a delinquent President, or Anna Dickinson pleads for the enfranchisement of one half the human race. Agassiz is now the only popular lecturer on science who can be said to have an hearing; and Emerson is the only very prominent literary man who now keeps the field. Holmes has almost ceased lecturing, by his own choice, since his great success as a magazinist; and George Curtis seems to have withdrawn himself from all permanent literary work since winning such easy fame on the platform. Yet the old style of "instructive" lectures has not wholly vanished; nobody yet wishes absolutely to exclude them; and there is fortunately always in the field some Arctic explorer, or some slayer of gorillas, whose narratives, if they do not always fill the mind with facts, at least afford a vigorous tonic to the imagination. And if science and art are banished from the popular organizations, they occasionally find refuge in the larger cities, under the special shelter of some "Cooper Institute" in New York, or "Lowell Lectures" in Boston. There, if reports be true, these elevated pursuits can have it all their own way, and a man may venture on such depths of wisdom as to rid himself at last of all human audience, except his wife and the janitor.

But even with these drawbacks, the American Lecture-system has this great result, that it furnishes a ready standard by which to try all prominent men. They must at least face the people eye to eye. This ordeal of the gaslight displays to all beholders the face, the form, the bearing of

the speaker. Once placed before his public he can no more evade inspection than if he were a statue in the public square. All men are not statuesque, and the most subtle genius may often shrink, it is true, from such a glare of publicity. It is a test which bears severely on the over-sensitive, or on those ill-furnished with voice or presence. It moreover tends to the ignoring of all thoughts which cannot be put up in available parcels of sixty minutes' compass. But on the other hand, it helps to train each speaker into a whole manhood; it saves the philosopher from becoming a pedant, the student from being an intellectual voluptuary, and it places each in broad, healthy contact with his fellow-men.

Before this popular audience your finer points will probably fail of appreciation, your cheapest effects may tell better than your choicest; there is no room for the subtle and evanescent, nor yet for the profound; but on the other hand, you know that your broadest common-sense, your heartiest sympathy, your manliest courage, will be sure of appreciation. You have to do with people who do not ask to be flattered, and will not bear to be patronized; who insist on hearing something to interest them, and are ready and eager to be taught.

It is good for the man of literature or science to meet such an audience; it makes him one of the people; he goes back to his library strengthened. He finds that whatever else the mass of men like or dislike, they always like true manhood. Knowledge, grace, taste, even logic, are all secondary to this. Horace Greeley, who is at once the idol and the butt of a large portion of his countrymen, got the mastery of a whole Western audience, as they laughed at his uncouth entrance, by the simple announcement of a self-evident proposition. "I suppose it to be a fact universally admitted," he said, in his whining voice, "that I am the worst public speaker in America." The voice whined, but the man did not. Everybody knew that he was a bad speaker, and that he was invited, nevertheless, because he had something to say. So much being established, he went on and said it.

A man may thus make himself acceptable by a single available quality; but the more such qualities he combines the more numerous will be his invitations, and the higher his price. In large towns it has almost come to be taken as an axiom that high-priced lectures are the only good economy. No matter how much money a



man asks, if he can draw an audience that shall be in proportion. It was thought a bold thing when Henry Ward Beecher raised his price to two hundred dollars. Yet I have known lecture-associations to run themselves in debt by employing cheap local lecturers, and to clear themselves at last by sending for this expensive favourite. John B. Gough and Anna Dickinson now receive the same high compensation, and probably both these lecturers have now more invitations during the year than Beecher. Gough was an importation from the platform of the temperance agitation, and at once found the new field equally favourable and far more lucrative. A sort of evangelical comedian, he is the idol of many worthy people who never saw good acting on any other stage; and he is a favourite with many others who can tolerate his contortions for the sake of his drollery. He does not offer much to the intellect, true, but he often touches the heart; and something is due to a man who makes laughter an ally of good morals.

Miss Dickinson deals rather in tears than in smiles. She owed her first celebrity, perhaps, to the unwonted combination of twenty years of womanhood with a remarkably clear head for political questions. But she could not have retained it for eight years without giving evidence of other elements of power. She has good looks, perfect self-possession, an effective voice, readiness of illustration, fidelity to principle, and great magnetic power; and yet, with all these, she seems to me a far less attractive speaker than her chief predecessor, Lucy Stone, who never called forth one-half so much enthusiasm. Courage is certainly among Miss Dickinson's traits, for during the last Presidential campaign she made a triumphant tour among the roughest mining regions of Pennsylvania, speaking in some places where almost any man of like opinions would have been mobbed into silence. She was probably the most effective orator sent out by the Republican Committees during that election, and certainly earned the right to pass from that theme to her present one, the enfranchisement of her sex. This she treats under the piquant title, "Idiots and Women," borrowing the sarcastic juxtaposition from the statute-books. It is quite an art, by the way, to launch a new lecture under a pungent name. "Book, sir, book? It's the title," Longman used to say; and if a lecture is to be kept afloat for a whole season, it must sail under a flag of its own that shall be quite distinctive.

Next in popularity comes, doubtless, Wendell Phillips, and next to him, probably, George William Curtis. These are the lecturers who still represent polished culture on the platform, and both carry thither a certain high-bred air, which is always most seductive when combined with radical opinions. Wendell Phillips has won public favour while always keeping in advance of public opinion—the highest test of power. Recognised by all as the foremost of American orators, he has never yet paused one moment to enjoy the fruits of past successes, and will die in the harness as a radical. Curtis cannot be compared with Phillips in intellectual power, nor in extent of service; he perhaps gives his hearers as much thought as they demand, but that is not much, whereas Phillips gives them more, forces it upon them. Nor is Curtis so prophetic in insight, nor so free from party ties. But he has all the qualities for a popular favourite, combined with singular rectitude of the moral nature; nothing can be more charming than his rhetoric, more agreeable than his voice, more graceful than his elocution; and he has before him a distinguished and useful career, though widely unlike that literary life for which he at first seemed destined. Both these orators, indeed, might help to refute that mistaken impression, first fixed in the European mind by De Toqueville, to the effect that the cultivated men of America keep aloof from politics. Here are two men who have been utterly swept aside from the pursuits of pure intellect by overpowering public demands, and if neither has yet taken office, it is because the time has not come.

A more recent favourite in the lecture-room, who can also venture to ask high prices for his lectures, is Theodore Tilton, editor of the *New York Independent*. This is a weekly religious newspaper of great popularity and influence, and gives him an excellent pedestal. But he shows in the lecture-room the same ability which has built up the *Independent*, while he is so free from bigotry as to be constantly charged with latitudinarianism; he has, moreover, a very sympathetic nature, a ready wit, and that sunny disposition which is such a priceless gift to a reformer.

I can think of no other speakers who habitually venture to exceed the hundred-dollar limit for even their Western lectures, although Sumner and Agassiz may sometimes fix a higher price upon a short series. Our English visitor, Henry Vincent, has received one hundred and fifty dollars, I be-

lieve, for each of his sixty Western lectures, and is said to have won popularity.

There still remain a few acknowledged leaders who should especially be mentioned. Emerson, for instance, still retains his hold upon his countrymen, after some thirty years of lecturing, and is heard with respect and attention. A Western agent is said to have justified Emerson's continued popularity, not on the ground that the people understand him, but that "they think such men ought to be encouraged," which is, after all, creditable to the public mind. He is not a man to draw crowds, but, on the other hand, few of the crowd-drawing orators can venture to give a separate course of lectures on their own responsibility, as he sometimes does. Indeed, he is heard to the best advantage before an audience of his own gathering, especially in Boston, where there are enough who are trained to follow his thoughts, and are not daunted by the *lumen siccum* of that upper air.

Edwin Whipple aids Emerson in keeping a place upon the lecture-platform for the literary class. Bayard Taylor represents the indefatigable travellers, and his reports of his latest trip are always well received by that large class who (as Goethe says in his analysis of playgoers) do not care to think, but only to see that something is going on. The Rev. Dr. Chapin, of New York, is almost the only clergyman, save Beecher, who stands high as a lecturer also, and the effects he produces are due rather to a natural heartiness and vigour than to any depth of thought or culture. He has the trait, which Emerson thinks essential to the orator, of "giving out vast quantities of animal heat." Frederick Douglass represents the coloured race with a natural eloquence that twenty years of public speaking have only matured. His glow and fervour are extraordinary, and so is his dramatic power: there is, too, a sort of massiveness about him which is contributed partly by his grand *physique*; and he surpasses in his perception of the finer felicities of the language all other "self-made men" I have ever known.

There are many other lecturers than these, and it is impossible to draw the line at which one ceases to be a "professional." I have mentioned these names, not from any personal preferences of my own, but because they are confessedly the most popular, as is further proved by the infallible test of the money-market. It will be seen that the profits of the most successful lecturers must be very large, for there are three or four who can always command an audience, and

can, if they please, prolong indefinitely the usual season of four months. I see no reason why Gough should not annually earn thirty thousand dollars in this profession, so long as his strength and popularity hold out. Even for those lower on the list of favour, the compensation is out of all proportion to that obtained by the best literary work. Theodore Tilton is said to have been offered twelve thousand dollars for the current year, as editor of the *Independent*, on condition of undertaking no other work, or seven thousand dollars with permission to lecture as much as he pleased. He unhesitatingly chose the latter. But the salary given to popular editors gives no index of the price for first-class literary work; and Hawthorne could hardly have earned from a magazine, by a month's labour, what a leading lecturer may harvest every night. The literary class may thus gain very much by even a small share in the successes of the lecture-room. A successful winter's tour means a trip to Europe next summer, or a year's leisure for some extended literary work. Theodore Parker habitually invested the income arising from his lectures in the precious library which he bequeathed to the city of his love. And it is pleasant to know that these profits are not gained at the expense of the institutions with which one deals, for lecture-associations are almost always self-supporting; and I know one in Worcester, Massachusetts, whose net profits for the last three years have averaged twelve hundred dollars after paying to the lecturers an average price of one hundred dollars.

I am, perhaps, laying too much stress on the financial aspects of this intellectual itinerancy; but no apology is needed to Englishmen, at least, since, when they come among us as public speakers, they show a proper willingness to accept this practical aspect of the profession. I remember that, when Thackeray was here, and was hesitating between two competing offers for his lectures, he seemed quite relieved when we assured him that in America he needed no apology for yielding to the soft seductions of an additional fifty dollars. And now that Dickens gathers in his nightly thousands, it may be pardoned to us homebred mortals if we look sharply after our hundreds.

It may be said, in summing up, that the American Lecture-system is constantly expanding and becoming better organized as to its methods, as well as more liberal in its rewards; but that, as to themes and treatment, it has not yet taken its final form.

Because public affairs now engross the larger share of attention, it does not follow that it will be always so. The excitements produced by slavery are outlasting its lifetime, and until the Southern States are "re-constructed" on principles of universal justice, there can be no permanent calm. But it seems altogether likely that after the coming Presidential elections, there may come a period of peace; and literature and art, the children of peace, must then resume their sway.

It will then be found permanently true that there are elements in the popular lecture which no form of literature can supply. The different lecturers who have been named in this essay are persons of the most various gifts and training, with but this one point in common, that almost all of them are orators born, rather than writers; or at least reach the public through the oratorical gift. Subtract the audience, and their better part is gone. Emerson is probably the only one among them whose lectures, printed precisely as they are delivered, would be a permanent contribution to literature, — and it is, perhaps, this very fact which stands most in his way as a lecturer. Oratory and literature still remain two distinct methods of utterance, as distinct as sculpture and painting, and as difficult to unite. Their methods, their results, and their rewards, are wholly different. It is the general testimony of those who have tried both, that they put poorer work into their speeches than into their writings; but that, on the other hand, the very act of speech sometimes yields such moments of inspiration as make all writing seem cold. Thought must be popularized, execution made broader and rougher, before it can be appreciated in an instant by a thousand minds; but those thousand minds give you in return a magnificent stimulus that solitude can never supply. It is needless to debate which is best: it is the difference between light and heat.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### WALT WHITMAN'S POEMS.\*

SOME years ago, when a few copies of a volume called *Leaves of Grass* found their way into this country from America, the general verdict of those who had an opportunity of examining the book was that much of it was indescribably filthy, most of it mere

\* *Poems by Walt Whitman.* Selected and Edited by William Michael Rossetti. London: John Camden Hotten, 1868.

incoherent rhapsody, none of it what could be termed poetry in any sense of the word, and that, unless at the hands of some enterprising Holywell Street publisher, it had no chance of the honour of an English reprint. In part this opinion is already proved to have been a mistaken one, for a West-end publisher has taken compassion on the stranger, and now presents it to the British public in a comely form. It may be as well to state at the outset, that the volume published by Mr. Hotten is not precisely a reprint of the original *Leaves of Grass*. It contains much new matter written since the appearance of that work, and does not contain any of the pieces marked by that peculiar freedom of speech which is generally associated in men's minds with the name of Walt Whitman. For the sake of all parties, the prurient as well as the prudish, lest the one should be unnecessarily alarmed or the other led into an unremunerative venture, it is only fair to say that there is nothing in the present edition to disqualify it for decent society, not to say qualify it for a place in the *Bibliothèque bleue*. It has cost Mr. Rossetti severe pangs, so he informs us, to part with so much as, from considerations of prudence, he has been obliged to exclude. "This peculiarly nervous age," this "mealy-mouthed British nineteenth century," with its present absurd notions about decency, morality, and propriety, could not be expected to receive "the indecencies scattered through Whitman's writings" in that æsthetic spirit in which they should be accepted; and, as he was unwilling to mutilate, "the consequence is that the reader loses in *toto* several important poems, and some extremely fine ones — notably one of quite exceptional value and excellence, entitled *Walt Whitman*." In one respect we are willing to admit the loss sustained in this last instance. The "poem" here referred to is the one which contains the key to Walt Whitman's philosophy and poetic theory. It is in it that he describes himself and his qualifications for the office of poet of the future, grounding his claim upon the fact of his being "hankering, gross, mystical, nude, one of the roughs, a kosmos, disorderly, fleshy, sensual, no more modest than immodest"; and proposing to produce poetry of corresponding qualities, a promise which we must say he most conscientiously fulfils. Its excellence may be open to question, but about its value to the reader who wishes to understand Walt Whitman there can be no doubt whatever.

The present edition is to be considered as an experiment. By excluding everything

offensive, the editor hopes to induce people to reconsider the case of Walt Whitman, and reverse the verdict which has been already pronounced. This, we need scarcely observe, is rather more than they can be fairly asked to do, while the evidence which supports the gravest of the charges brought against him is suppressed. But this is not all that Mr. Rossetti expects. The present selection is so to brace and fortify the British mind that in a short time, he trusts, it will be able to relish what now in its weakness it rejects. A complete edition of Walt Whitman, with all the dirt left in, he looks forward to as "the right and crowning result" of his labours. This is but the school-boy's pudding, which, if we only finish it off, is to be succeeded by a full meal of the uncommonly strong meat he has in reserve for us. A fellow-countryman of the poet's, who had unsuccessfully besieged the virtue of a married lady, is said to have consoled himself with the reflection that, at any rate, he had "lowered her moral tone some." Though he himself had not gained his point, his labours, he thought, had diminished the difficulties in the way of the next comer. Something of this sort appears to be the modest mission of the present volume. We must confess we should very much prefer to see Mr. Rossetti employing himself on some task more worthy of his abilities. He has on many occasions done good service as a critic to literature and art, but we cannot look upon his present enterprise as one in any way beneficial to either. He desires to have Walt Whitman recognised, not merely as a great poet, but as the founder of a new school of poetic literature which is to be greater and more powerful than any the world has yet seen. He is not, it is true, entirely alone in this attempt. There have been already certain indications of a Walt Whitman movement in one or two other quarters. More than a year ago there was a paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, which, however, was not so much a criticism of his poetry as of his person, the writer having had, as well as we recollect, the privilege of reviewing him as he bathed — an important advantage, certainly, in the case of a poet whose principal theme is his own body. Then Mr. Robert Buchanan took him up in the *Broadway* magazine, and, saying nearly all that has ever been said against Walt Whitman — that he is no poet and no artist, that he is gross, monotonous, loud, obscure, prone to coarse animalism and to talking rank nonsense — nevertheless arrived at pretty much the same conclusion as Mr. Rossetti, at least as to the powerful influence

he is to exercise over the literature of the future. Something of this sort we might, indeed, have expected. There are people whose reading of the Horatian saying about popular opinion is "*nunquam vulgus rectum videt*," and who always set themselves to find virtues in everything that is generally condemned. Besides, it would be idle to deny that Walt Whitman has many attractions for minds of a certain class. He is loud, swaggering, and self-assertive, and so gets credit for strength with those who worship nothing that is not strong. He is utterly lawless, and in consequence passes for being a great original genius. His produce is unlike anything else that has ever appeared in literature, and that is enough for those who are always on the look-out for novelty. He is rich in all those qualities of haziness, incoherence, and obscurity which seem to be the first that some readers nowadays look for in poetry. But, above all, he runs a muck with conventionalities and decencies of every sort, which naturally endears him to those silly people who take a childish delight in seeing the respectabilities of the world pulled by the nose, and what they consider its stupid prejudices shocked: We need scarcely say we do not suspect a man of Mr. Rossetti's taste and judgment of this kind of enthusiasm. If we were to hazard a theory, we should be inclined to attribute his advocacy of Walt Whitman's poetical claims to an impatience of the feebleness, emptiness, and sentimentality so abundant in modern poetry. The feeling is one with which we do not quarrel; we only object to the form in which it finds expression. A plague of tinkling cymbals is not to be met by a counter-treatment of sounding brass.

An admirer of Walt Whitman has one immense advantage. There is no standard by which his idol can be measured, no known test which can be applied to prove his quality. There is, therefore, a wide field for that dogmatic assertion which is the favourite argument of the transcendental critic. You must not object that his poetry has no melody, music, or form. It is something above and beyond all requirements of that kind. You are not to raise the objection that in a great deal of what he writes there is no meaning at all, and in a great deal more the meaning, when got at, is utterly commonplace. Poetry like Walt Whitman's is not to be judged of by any one who is influenced by narrow considerations of meaning. You are not to take exception to his language, that it is a vile jargon of his own coining. A poet of this order naturally

ries above the trammels of precedent in the matter of language. As to the absence of imagination, invention, fancy, art, and sundry other things more or less looked for in poetry, to complain of this in the present instance only shows that you are incapable of understanding the subject. This sort of argument always tells powerfully with the timid, with those people who are haunted by a nervous dread of being set down as dull and commonplace if they allow common sense to influence their judgment; and besides, it has the merit of being unanswerable, except by contradiction. When a man shows you something with all the outward and visible signs of a wheelbarrow, and tells you it is an Act of Parliament, it is very hard to know what to say to him; and it is just as hard to know what to say when you are offered something like the following and told it is poetry, and poetry of a very high order. As the admirers of Walt Whitman always protest against his being judged of fragmentarily, we take the shortest poem we can find, instead of giving the queerest extract:—

## VISAGES.

- Of the visages of things—And of piercing through to the accepted hells beneath.  
 Of ugliness—To me there is just as much in it as there is in beauty—and now the ugliness of human beings is acceptable to me.  
 Of detected persons—To me, detected persons are not, in any respect, worse than undetected persons—And are not in any respect worse than I am myself.  
 Of criminals—To me, any judge, or any juror, is equally criminal—and any reputable person is also—and the President is also.

Now it may be that this is not balderdash, though we must confess to a strong suspicion that it is; but if it is poetry, all we can say is, we must find some other word for Shakspeare. Walt Whitman himself is much more candid on this point than his advocates. He certainly declares himself to be a poet, but at the same time he describes the offspring of his muse as a "barbaric yawp." We have no very definite idea as to the precise nature of a yawp, but, whatever it may be, it can scarcely be poetry.

We must do Mr. Rossetti the justice of admitting that he does not entirely rely on dogmatism in pleading the cause of his *prolége*. He does assign some few reasons why Walt Whitman should be accepted as "the poet of the epoch." In a paper which appeared in a weekly journal, he puts the

claim on the rather curious ground of his being an "initiator in the scheme and structure of his writings, and an individual of audacious personal ascendant." But in the preface to the present volume he comes more plainly to the point. The reader, he says, is not to ask himself, or return any answer to the questions, whether or not Walt Whitman is like other poets, or whether or not the particular application of rules of art which is found to hold good in the works of other poets, and to constitute a part of their excellence, can be traced also in his work. "Let the questions rather be—Is he powerful? Is he American? Is he new? Is he rousing? Does he feel, and make me feel?" To each of these questions we should be disposed to answer simply "No," were it not that an unqualified negative is scarcely polite. We can see no reason for considering Walt Whitman powerful. Strong he may be, but it is only in the sense in which an onion is strong. His noise, bluster, and arrogance are no more indications of true strength than the swagger of the professional athlete at a country fair, who struts up and down the stage in salmon-colored tights, and passes for a Hercules with the crowd from the way in which he feels his muscles in public. That he is American in one sense we must admit. He is something which no other country could have produced. He is American as certain forms of rowdiness and vulgarity, exuberances on American institutions, are American. But that he is American in the sense of being representative of American taste, intellect, or cultivation, we should be very sorry indeed to believe. New he certainly is, but it is only in his audacity, and in the abnormal structure of his poetry; there is not a new thought in his writings from beginning to end. As to the other questions, the answer must depend very much on individual temperament. Whether or not he himself feels we cannot tell, but, so far from being rousing or making his reader feel, we should say that with ninety-nine out of a hundred average readers Walt Whitman, taken in any quantity, would be found to be about as soporific a poet as ever produced a yawp. But even if all these questions could be answered in the affirmative—even if we were to concede that Walt Whitman is powerful and new and American and rousing, and throw into the bargain what his friends invariably lay great stress upon, his magnificent physique and his irreproachable character in private life—still all this, we submit, does not make him out to be a poet. To call a



man a poet merely because he holds forth in rhapsodical style about one man being as good as another, everything being all right, every one having a right "to do as he dam pleases" — if we may venture to quote the concise language of Transatlantic liberty — and other dogmas of the same sort, is to confuse the functions of the poet and the stump orator; and generally, when Walt Whitman has any meaning at all, it amounts to no more than this. Very often he has no meaning whatever. In his fury he breaks out into a mere perspiration of words, and strings substantives together for pages on a stretch, the result being a something which is as much like poetry as an auctioneer's catalogue. To be sure there is scattered through his pages a vast amount of that vagueness which to some tastes has the true poetic charm. No doubt there are people who consider this sort of thing very fine: —

OF THE TERRIBLE DOUBT OF APPEARANCES.

The skies of day and night — colours, densities, forms — May-be these are (as doubtless they are) only apparitions, and the real something has yet to be known;

May-be seeming to me what they are (as doubtless they indeed but seem) as from my present point of view — And might prove (as of course they would) naught of what they appear, or naught anyhow, from entirely changed points of view.

But if it is very fine, then so is Miss Codger's outburst on being introduced to Elijah Pogram: —

But why we call them so, or why impressed they are, or if impressed they are at all, or if at all we are, or if there really is, oh gasping one! a Pogram or a Hominy, or any active principle, to which we give those titles, is a topic, spirit-searching, fading-abandoned, much too vast to enter on.

But of course the special charm of Walt Whitman is that he is so — what his admirers call — unconventional; that is, that he says things which other people do not say, and in language which other people do not generally use. His unconventionality, however, is of a very cheap sort. It is nothing more than the unconventionality

of the man who considers clothes conventional, and goes about without them. It is true that for the present we are spared the bolder strokes of his genius in this respect, but, as has been already mentioned, it is only for the present; and besides, Walt Whitman's grossness is not accidental, but constitutional. It arises partly from an insensibility to the difference between that which is naturally offensive and that which is not, partly from his peculiar theory of poetry. As it is a fundamental principle of his to recognise no law of any kind, and to submit to no restrictions of artistic propriety, it follows that with him all subjects are equally fit for poetic treatment. As Mr. Rossetti puts it, "he knows of no reason why what is universally seen and known, necessary and right, should not also be allowed and proclaimed in speech," and it is just this ignorance of his which, independently of other reasons, makes any attempt to set him up as a poetic model mischievous to the interests of literary art. It is not a question of squeamishness or hyper-sensitiveness. There is no prudery in objecting to nastiness, nor is there any originality, honesty, manliness, or courage in obtruding what even instinct teaches us to avoid. We cannot say, however, that we anticipate any serious injury to English or American literature from the influence or popularity of Walt Whitman's poetry, so long at least as people are courageous enough to use their common sense, and do not allow themselves to be led away by transcendental "high-falutin" into pretending an admiration which they do not feel.

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THE last new use of steel is for the manufacture of billiard balls. It is claimed for the metal balls that they are more elastic than those of ivory, and are not liable to crack and chip. But how about the weight? An ordinary ivory ball weighs about five ounces, and as steel is rather more than four times as dense as ivory, the new balls, if they be solid, must weigh over a pound and a half each. Play with such would be hard work. One great merit of the steel balls would certainly be their stability of form: ivory balls are apt to get out of truth as a mechanic would say, which their steel rivals are not likely to do.